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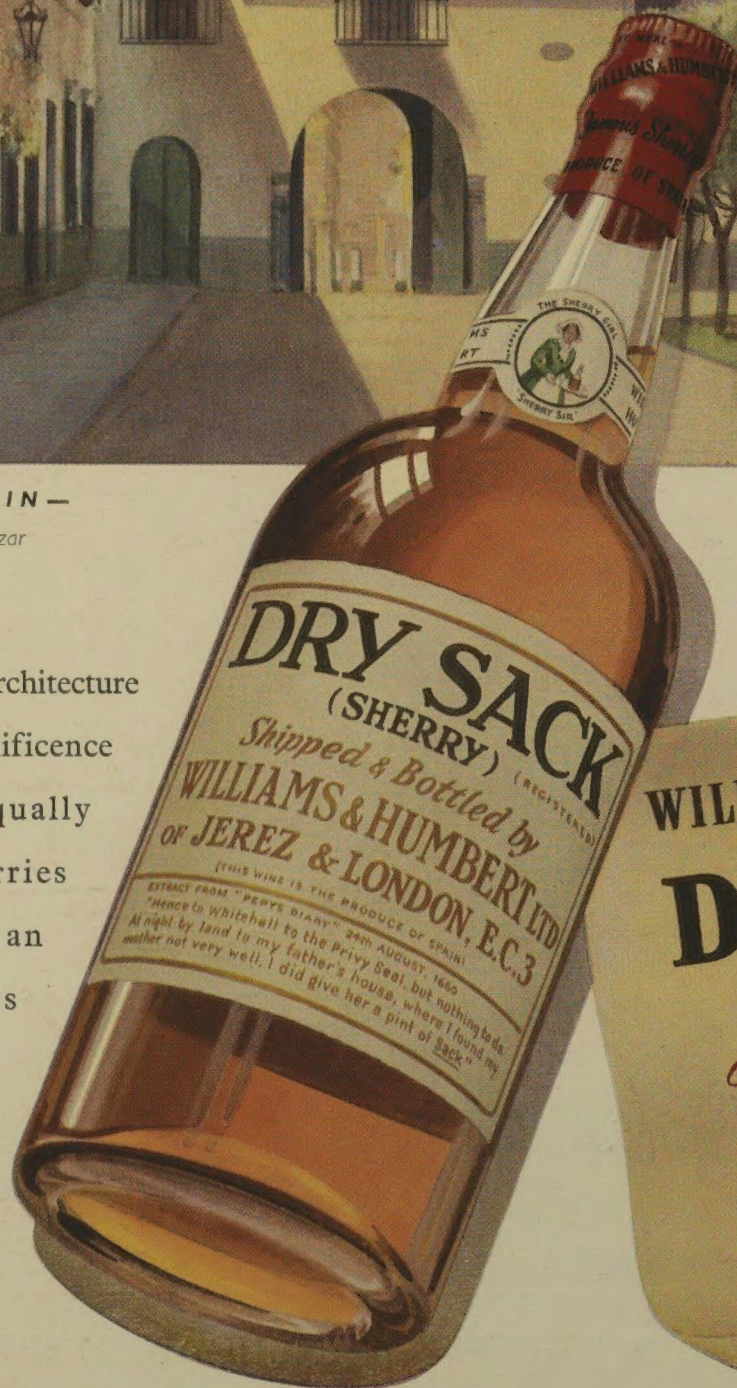
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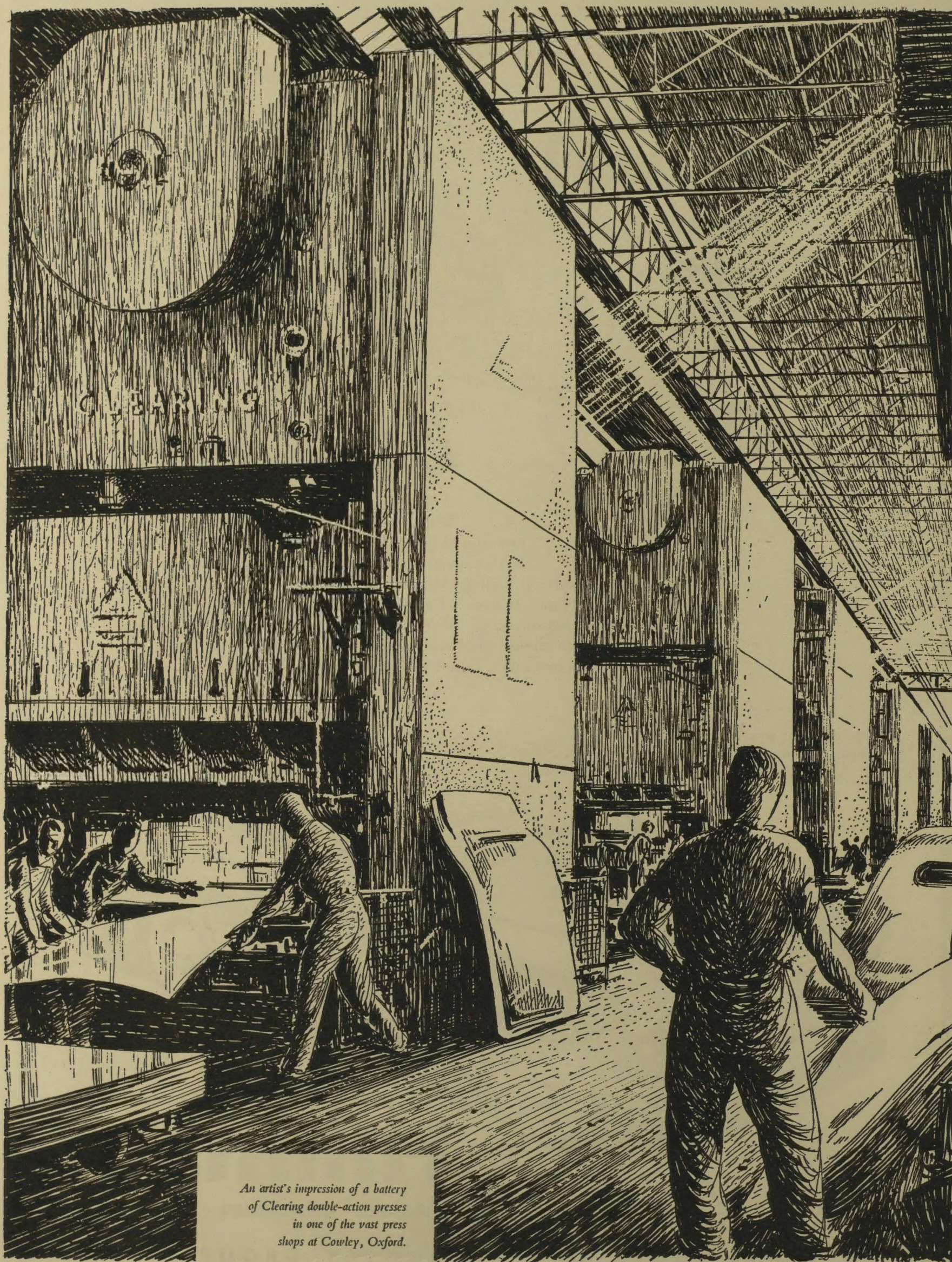
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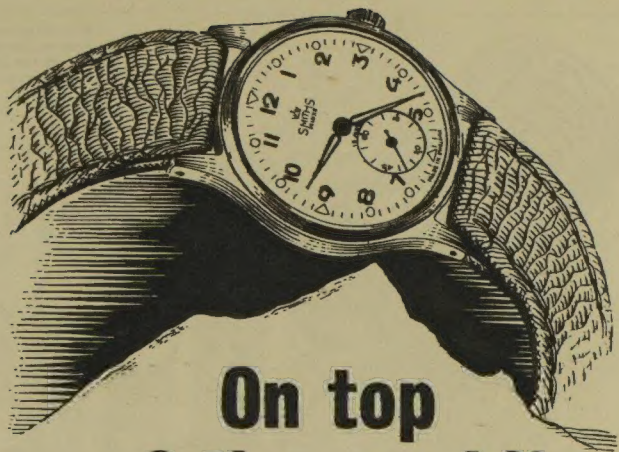
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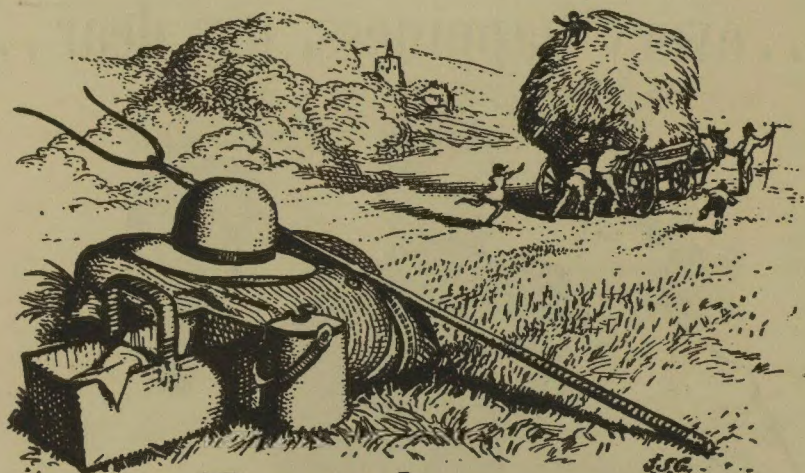
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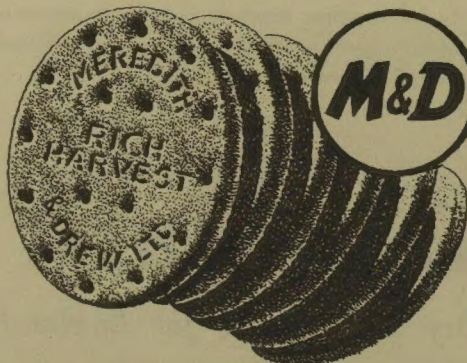
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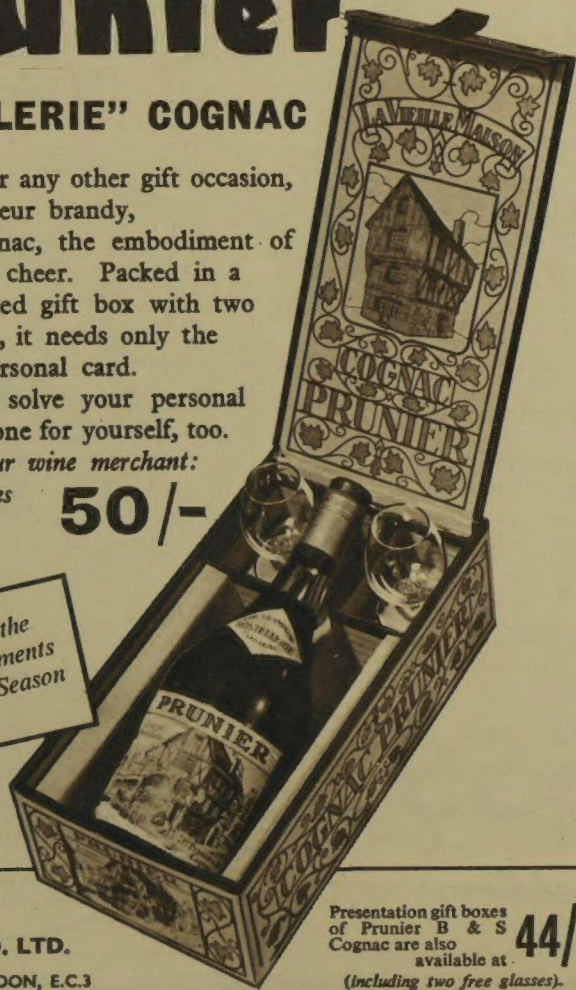
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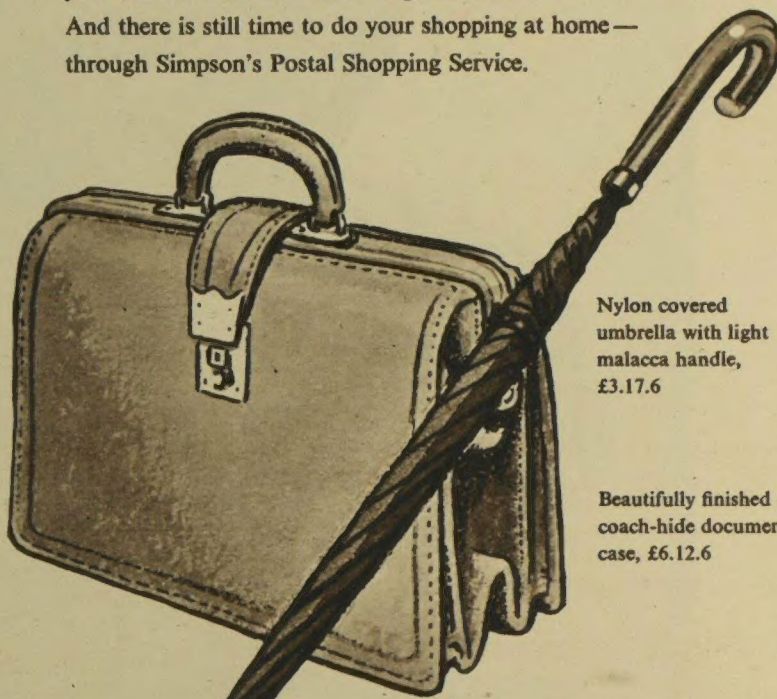


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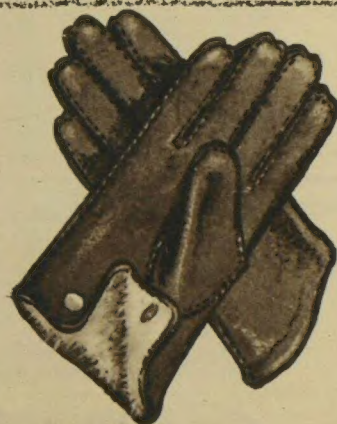


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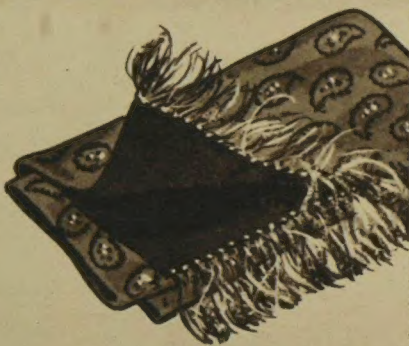
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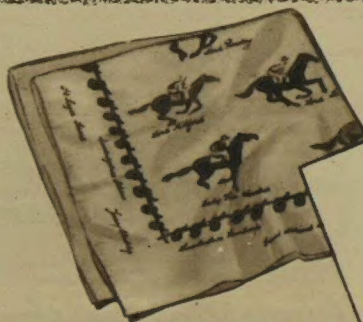
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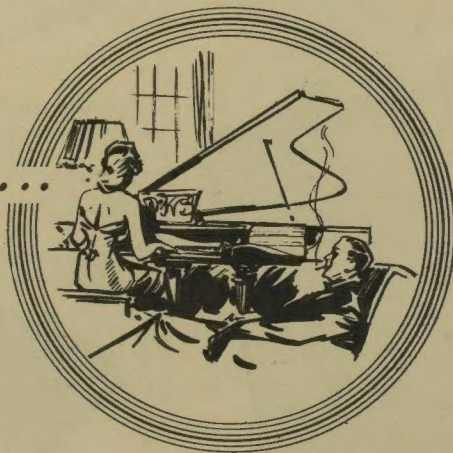
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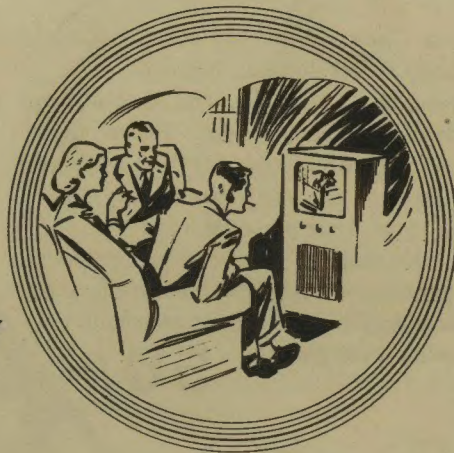
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1953.



AT BERMUDA: OFFERED THE SEAT OF HONOUR, AND DECLINING IT, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL SEATS HIMSELF AT THE LEFT HAND OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, WHILE M. LANIEL TAKES THE THIRD SEAT.

On December 4 President Eisenhower, the last of the "Big Three" to arrive, reached Bermuda by air, and was greeted at the airfield by Sir Winston Churchill and the French Premier, M. Laniel. The President strode over to Sir Winston with outstretched hand and said: "Well, old friend—a long time." The three principals were accompanied at the Conference by the three Foreign Ministers,

Mr. Dulles, of the U.S.A., Mr. Eden, of Great Britain, and M. Bidault, of France, and President Eisenhower was also accompanied by Mr. Strauss, the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. In the incident we show of the three principals posing for the photographers, Sir Winston Churchill declined the seat of honour in favour of President Eisenhower, who, unlike Sir Winston and M. Laniel, is the Head of his State.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SPEAKING the other day about his Korean experiences, that modest, gallant gentleman, Colonel Carne of the Gloucesters, recalled how on the night of the Chinese attack one of his men in a lonely outpost gave him assurance by remarking: "Twill be like the Rock of Gibraltar, Sir!" The phrase was illuminating, for it revealed what ordinary Englishmen feel about Gibraltar. They regard it not so much as a naval base, a strategic keypoint, a symbol of Empire, but as a monument to human fortitude, constancy and endurance. It has the same significance to them as the Pass of Thermopylae and, as they know their own nation's history better than that of the ancient Greeks, rather more so. To Spaniards, naturally enough, Gibraltar has another significance—a reminder, among other things, of two centuries of rather tragic history when a great people, once the masters of the world, were passing through a time of temporary eclipse and national weakness. It is this thought that tends to invest for many Spaniards—a generous and noble race—the British occupation of this barren rock, half-Iberian and half-African, with a humiliating context, even though that occupation rendered possible one of the most glorious episodes in Spanish history—Spain's victory against Napoleonic despotism. It is inevitable that the name of this historic outpost should awaken different emotions in Spaniard and Briton, and very important that both should try to realise what the other feels about it and honour and respect that feeling. And at a time when there is a danger of differences of national opinion and, above all, of national emotion, being exaggerated by well-meaning patriots, both British and Spanish, it may not seem amiss for one who loved him to write something about a great Spaniard and Spanish patriot whose whole life, as it seems in retrospect, was dedicated to the task of helping those who share the common tradition of Christendom and Europe to understand one another and to respect one another's national greatness and virtues.

James Fitz-James Stuart—to give him his British as apart from his many Spanish names—the 17th Duke of Alba and 10th Duke of Berwick, was not only a great Spaniard but a great European. With his spare, eager face, long features and brilliant eyes, his quick, precise, clipped speech, his grave courtesy and uncompromising courage and integrity, he could never have been mistaken for anything but a Spaniard of Spaniards, and a Spaniard of the purest blood of all, that of the warrior hidalgos of Castile. The whole of Spanish history was in his noble face and character, and his eager, tenacious, ever-curious and voyaging mind was stored with his country's lore and the proud annals of a long and glorious past. Yet, with all this, he was the most internationally-minded man I have ever encountered: a European who, unlike the average Englishman or Spaniard, Frenchman or German or Italian, thought always of Europe as an indivisible and living unity—a unity which could never be broken without disastrous consequences to every nation in Europe. It was because in 1940 he realised this so clearly and saw that England was defending the unity and continuing life of Europe against destructive malice and ignorance that he so passionately wanted to see her triumph when she stood alone against the Axis. At that hour, as Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, as Spain's premier Grandee and as a former Foreign Minister of Spain, he used the whole of his great influence to prevent his country's shrewd and able, but at that time, in foreign affairs, not very experienced, ruler from throwing in his lot and Spain's with the vulgar, upstart forces that were trying, in their passion for power and dictation, to destroy the Christian civilisation of a thousand years.

During the war I came to realise how great this wise and understanding Spaniard's love of England was. I happened to be dining with him on the night when the full gravity of our disaster before Dunkirk became clear, and when the news on the wireless, to which we listened after dinner, struck us with the force of a blow across the eyes. Afterwards I and the two other Englishmen who were his guests tried, in the manner of the English under the impact of disaster, to treat the news as lightly as we could and to behave as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening or was going to happen. Our host made no such pretence; he could not play our game of make-believe. Though as much the quintessence of the historic Spain as a Velasquez painting, he was so English in his speech and habits, that it was often easy for his English friends to forget that he was not an Englishman. But that dreadful evening he was like some large and noble dog who had been hurt. Without abating a jot of his innate and unfailing courtesy, he wanted, I could see, to be alone with his grief and anxiety. A Latin, with the incisiveness and logic that was the supreme legacy of ancient

Rome, he knew what the defeat of our Army and France's impending collapse spelt for Europe and for the great tradition of European civilisation which he loved and understood so well.

Yet this great European—the descendant alike of Alfred and Columbus—never, for one hour, lost his faith in us. Like another neutral Ambassador who loved England—Walter Page, in the First World War—he was convinced that somehow we should achieve the apparently impossible and win through. He did not know it instinctively, as millions of humble, stupid Englishmen knew it in that hour of testing, for he was not English, and could not share our blind, sanguine assurance. But he knew it as a matter of history and religion; England had to triumph over the brute force of a guttersnipe dictatorship or two thousand years of Christian civilisation would be falsified and made of no account. He loved England with a deep objective and understanding love; he felt, like William Pitt, that she would "stand till the Day of Judgment." Throughout that summer and autumn her victory became to him a matter of unalterable faith. The factors which decide historical events are hard to determine, but I am sure that one of those that prevented Spain from throwing in her lot with the Axis was the conviction

of her Ambassador in threatened, blacked-out, blitzed London that no power on earth could cause England and the English to give in and that, so long as she fought on, Germany could never win and was ultimately doomed. In that belief he served both his own country and ours, contributing, it may be, to save both from inconceivable disaster. For had Spain in the winter of 1940-41 allowed the apparently victorious Axis the use of her territory—the geographical trump-card of Western European strategy—anything might have happened. The immense prestige of his name, the confidence inspired by his integrity and straightforward sincerity, above all, his good sense and knowledge of men and the world, may have contributed more than is realised to save the civilisation he loved.

He saw the past always in terms of the present. He understood it with an insight and depth of feeling which, as my colleague, Cyril Falls, has pointed out, would have made him, had his lot been cast in academic channels, a great historian. Yet it was not for his vivid intellectual curiosity and wide scholarship that I, like so many others of the most diverse

interests, loved Jimmy Alba, but for his greatness of heart, simplicity and deeply-moving humanity.

Throughout the seventeen years that I have written this page he was my friend, reading it every week as he had read it in the time of my great predecessor, G. K. Chesterton. To one so tenacious in his love and loyalty to his friends and with such a wide and catholic genius for friendship, I must have seemed even at the end a comparatively new friend. Yet I found with every year the links that bound me to him growing stronger, until I came to look forward to the two or three evenings which, during his annual visits to England, we spent together, as among the high-lights of my year. He was at once the most dignified and most unpretending of men. His philosophy and bearing were aristocratic, yet he had not a trace of pomposity in manner or soul. He had the pride in his ancestry and tradition that gives a man self-respect, and the humility without which democracy is unreal and a humbug, because he loved and valued his fellow-men for what they were, not for what they pretended to be. He had an intense respect for saints, heroes, scholars,

artists, craftsmen and for tender and loving women—for all, that is, whether rich or poor, clever or stupid, elegant or shambling—who were whole-hearted in their vocation and, devoting themselves to it, forgot themselves in its performance. His own vocation was to be an aristocrat; to observe and preserve certain material and spiritual standards inherited from the past, to reveal them to the present and transmit them to posterity. It was the state of life to which it had pleased God to call him and, because he loved perfection and strove to do everything well, he had attained, naturally and quite unconsciously, to a wonderful perfection. To see him enter a room was to understand, in an age which has almost forgotten its existence, the meaning of courtesy; it was an effect utterly unconscious yet the result of a lifetime of self-discipline and unremitting endeavour.

At the core of his being was the Catholic faith. He seldom spoke of it, yet it pervaded everything he thought and did. It was because he believed that, under all the superficialities and immense differences of life all men were brothers and children of God, that he was so great a gentleman. Three hundred years ago one who had served one of his ancestors wrote that when he left the dunghill of this world, he would meet King Charles. I think I know now what he meant.

THE £12,500,000 TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE CABLE AGREEMENT.



THE BRITISH CABLE SHIP *MONARCH* (8056 TONS), WHICH WILL UNDERTAKE THE WHOLE LAYING OPERATION OF THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE CABLE BETWEEN OBAN AND NEWFOUNDLAND—RECENTLY AGREED TO BY GREAT BRITAIN, THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

On December 1 an agreement was signed in London between the G.P.O., the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Canadian Overseas Telecommunications Corporation and the Eastern Telephone and Telegraph Company of Canada to provide the first transatlantic telephone cable—to be laid between Oban, West Scotland, and Newfoundland. The system, the result of development work in this country and America, is described as a marriage of modern radio and cable techniques; and the cable will be by far the longest submarine telephone cable ever made. The American system of repeaters (requiring two cables and submerged amplifiers containing several valves) will be used in the 2250-mile transatlantic section, and the British two-way repeater system (requiring only one cable, a more advanced system, but less adequately tested in deep water) will be used in the 360-mile section between Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The cost will be borne by the United States (50 per cent.), Great Britain (41 per cent.) and Canada (9 per cent.), and will amount to about £12,500,000 in all. The British contribution will be in kind, as the cables will be made in this country and the whole of the laying operation will be undertaken by the British cable ship *Monarch*, which is being specially adapted for the purpose.



TYPES OF UNDERWATER TELEPHONE CABLE SIMILAR TO THOSE WHICH WILL BE USED IN THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE CABLE. (LEFT) THE TYPE USED IN SHALLOW WATER, MORE THAN 2½ INS. IN DIAMETER AND WEIGHING NEARLY 9 LBS. A FOOT; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) A DEEP-WATER CABLE, ABOUT 1 IN. IN DIAMETER AND WEIGHING ABOUT 1 LB. A FOOT. IN BETWEEN ARE INTERMEDIATE TYPES FOR INTERMEDIATE DEPTHS OF WATER.

THE "BIG THREE" MEETING IN BERMUDA.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL SHAKES HANDS WITH M. LANIEL ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH DELEGATION AT BERMUDA: (LEFT) MR. EDEN AND (RIGHT) M. BIDAULT.



WHILE WAITING FOR M. LANIEL, SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL RENEWS HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH BILLY, THE MASCOT OF THE 1ST BN., THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.



AT THE DINNER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BERMUDA: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR ALEXANDER HOOD, THE GOVERNOR; SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL; PRESIDENT EISENHOWER; AND M. LANIEL.

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden were the first of the Bermuda Conference principals to reach the island, arriving by air on December 2 in blustery weather, which turned to storm as they drove from the airfield. While inspecting the guard mounted by the 1st Bn., The Royal Welch Fusiliers, Sir Winston made friends with Billy, the white goat mascot; and on the following day (December 3) renewed his acquaintance with Billy while waiting for the aircraft which brought M. Laniel, the French Prime Minister, and M. Bidault, who was accompanied by his wife. It was noticed that M. Laniel was wearing an overcoat at the airfield, and on December 5 it was announced that M. Laniel had caught a chill and had been seen by Lord Moran, Sir Winston Churchill's personal physician. President Eisenhower arrived in the island on December 4 and was greeted at the airport by Sir Winston Churchill and M. Laniel. In the evening of the same day, all the Ministers, with a few other senior members of delegations, attended a private dinner at Government House, given by the Governor, Sir Alexander Hood. Two coloured guests were included in the company—a member of the Legislative Council and a member of the House of Assembly. The first of the "Big Three" meetings took place on the afternoon of December 4 at the Mid-Ocean Club.

AN IMPORTANT OIL "STRIKE" IN W. AUSTRALIA.

On December 4 it was announced in San Francisco that oil had been found in promising quantities at a site near Exmouth Gulf, in Western Australia. The oil was found at about 3600 ft. by the West Australian Petroleum Proprietary Ltd., an operating company financed by Ampol (an Australian company) and Caltex (the Standard Oil Company of California and the Texas Co.). Ampol holds 20 per cent. of the shares and Caltex 80 per cent. In a 25-hour test run before the oil was sealed off oil came at the rate of 23 barrels an hour—which is considered a remarkable flow. It is thought unlikely that the bore should have struck the only deposit in the district; and it is expected that this may indeed prove to be an important oil-field. Previous borings for oil in Australia have proved disappointing; and indeed this site was once condemned as unpromising. In Melbourne Stock Exchange Ampol Exploration shares rose on December 4 from £A1 9s. to £A6 15s. It is noteworthy that Anglo-Iranian are at present building a large oil refinery at Kwinana, in Western Australia.



AN IMPORTANT OIL DISCOVERY IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA: (LEFT) CAPPING THE SLUDGE FLOW AFTER THE OIL HAD BEEN SEALED; AND (RIGHT) THE DRILLING RIG.



A GEOLOGIST TAKING A SAMPLE OF THE OIL WHICH HAS BEEN FOUND AT EXMOUTH GULF. IT IS BELIEVED THAT A LARGE FIELD HAS BEEN FOUND.



AN OIL TECHNICIAN HOLDING UP HIS HAND, COVERED WITH THICK CRUDE OIL FROM THE BORE. IN A 25-HOUR TEST CRUDE OIL FLOWED AT THE REMARKABLE RATE OF 23 BARRELS AN HOUR.

THE ROYAL TOUR: HER MAJESTY IN JAMAICA AND IN PANAMA.



HER MAJESTY LEAVES PORT ROYAL IN THE LINER *GOthic*: SIR HUGH FOOT, THE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA, LADY FOOT AND MR. BUSTAMANTE, CHIEF MINISTER OF JAMAICA, WATCH FROM THE JETTY ON NOVEMBER 27 AFTER THE LEAVE-TAKING.



GOOD-BYE TO JAMAICA: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAVING TO THE CROWDS ASHORE BEFORE THE ROYAL BARGE WENT OUT TO THE LINER *GOthic*.



COMING ALONGSIDE THE *GOthic*: A VIEW OF THE ROYAL BARGE, WITH THE ROYAL STANDARD FLYING AT THE JACKSTAFF, AS THE QUEEN LEFT FOR THE NEXT STAGE OF THE ROYAL TOUR.



THE QUEEN'S WELCOME IN PANAMA: AN EXCITED CROWD SWARMING ROUND THE CARS IN THE ROYAL PROCESSION WHEN HER MAJESTY VISITED THE MUNICIPAL PALACE IN COLON TO RECEIVE THE KEY OF THE CITY FROM THE MAYOR.



ESCORTED BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. S. SEYBOLD, CANAL ZONE GOVERNOR: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE CROSSING ONE OF THE LOCK GATES ON THE PANAMA CANAL.



ARRIVING AT THE MUNICIPAL PALACE IN COLON, WHERE SHE RECEIVED THE KEY OF THE CITY: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE PRESIDENT OF PANAMA, COLONEL REMON.

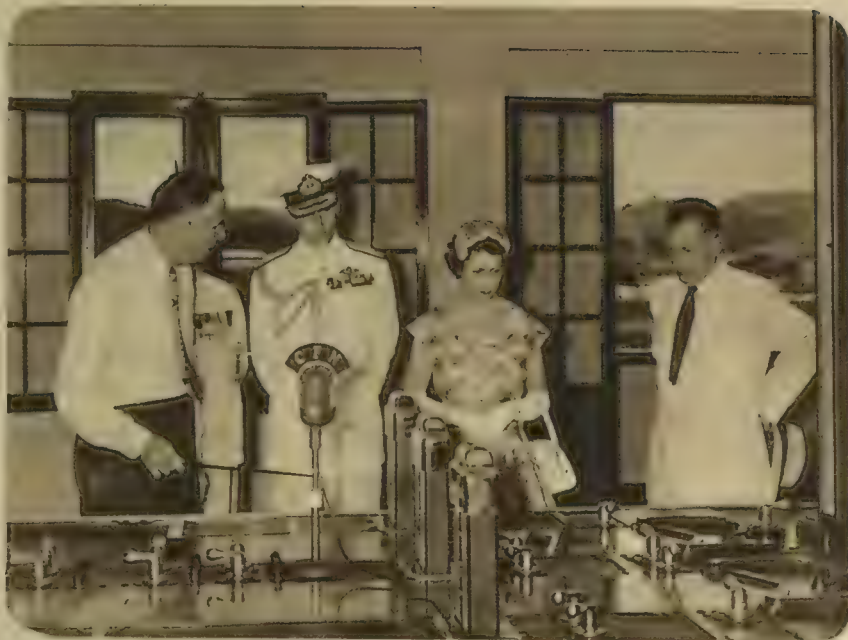
H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left Jamaica on November 27 aboard the liner *Gothic* on the next stage of the Royal Tour. The Royal couple drove to Port Royal with Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, and Lady Foot, where her Majesty visited the 200-year-old church before taking leave of Jamaican and other West Indian representatives. After inspecting a guard of honour mounted by the 1st Bn. The Royal Welch Fusiliers, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went aboard the Royal barge, which took them out to the *Gothic* as the cheers of the

crowd assembled on the shore echoed across the water. A twenty-one-gun salute was fired by H.M.S. *Sheffield* and the *Gothic* weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbour headed for Panama. On November 29 the Queen and the Duke landed at Cristobal and drove into the near-by city of Colon, where her Majesty was presented with the key of the city by the Mayor. Later the Royal couple visited the Miraflores Locks on the Canal, and then went on to Balboa, where large crowds were waiting to welcome them.

THE ROYAL TOUR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN PANAMA, AND "CROSSING THE LINE" CEREMONY.



WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. S. SEYBOLD, CANAL ZONE GOVERNOR: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS ON NOVEMBER 29.



EXPLAINING HOW THE LOCKS WORK TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: MR. EDWARD BARLOW, SUPERVISOR OF THE MIRAFLORES CONTROL TOWER, PANAMA CANAL, WITH THE GOVERNOR, GENERAL SEYBOLD, ON RIGHT.



TOWED BY AN ELECTRIC TRACTOR, KNOWN AS A "MULE": THE 15,900-TON LINER *GOTHIC* ENTERING PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS, PANAMA, EN ROUTE FOR THE PACIFIC.



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE LINER *GOTHIC* DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

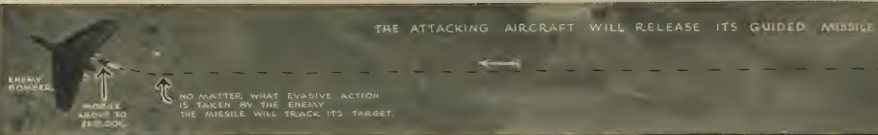
ON November 29 H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who had gone ashore at Cristobal, visited the Miraflores Locks on the Panama Canal and watched the liner *Gothic* being worked through. Escorted by the Governor, General Seybold, her Majesty and the Duke then inspected the Control Tower, where the method of operating the locks was explained to the Royal party. The Queen then assisted in locking through the American banana-boat *Junior*. On November 30 the liner *Gothic* left Balboa for Fiji, where she is due to arrive at Suva on December 17. The ship was escorted off the coast of Panama by United States Army aircraft. On December 4 the *Gothic* and H.M.S. *Sheffield* crossed the Equator shortly before noon and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watched the traditional "Crossing the Line" ceremonies aboard *Sheffield* through binoculars. Later "King Neptune" visited the *Gothic* and the Duke participated in the ceremonies aboard the liner as an "assistant barber" at Neptune's Court. Among the "victims" were Lady Alice Egerton, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and Lady Pamela Mountbatten, also a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. Her Majesty watched the proceedings.



"KING NEPTUNE" VISITS THE *GOTHIC*: A VIEW OF THE TRADITIONAL "CROSSING THE LINE" CEREMONY WHICH WAS WATCHED BY THE QUEEN (TOP; RIGHT) AND IN WHICH THE DUKE (CENTRE) PARTICIPATED.

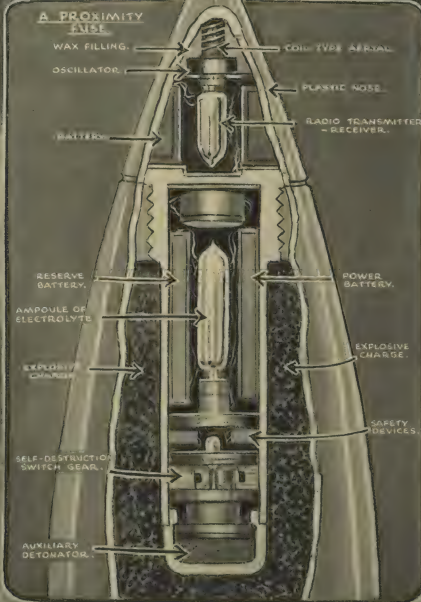
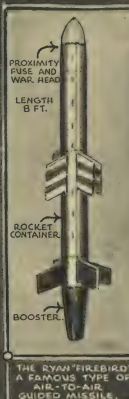
THE ATTACKING AIRCRAFT WILL RELEASE ITS GUIDED MISSILE

WHEN SOME DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE ENEMY BOMBER

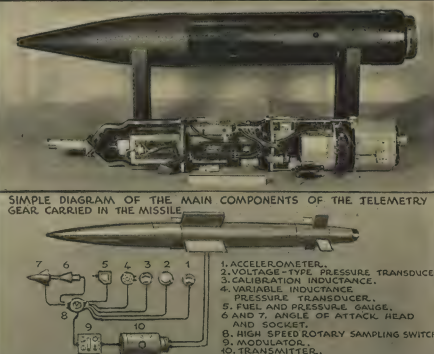


PROXIMITY FUSE ABOUT TO EXPLODE CHARGE OF GUIDED MISSILE AT A PRE-DETERMINED DISTANCE FROM ITS TARGET.

CONTROLLING BEAM FROM ATTACKING AIRCRAFT.



HEAD OF TEST MISSILE SHOWING IN SECTION THE COMPLICATED TELEMETRY GEAR, BY WHICH READINGS OF ITS FLIGHT-PROGRESS CAN BE TRANSMITTED TO ITS SENDER.



SIMPLE DIAGRAM OF THE MAIN COMPONENTS OF THE TELEMETRY GEAR CARRIED IN THE MISSILE

A NEW TYPE OF HOMOING DEVICE IS RECEPTIVE TO THE INFRA-RED RADIATION EMITTED BY ENGINE EXHAUSTS. ANOTHER TYPE (ACOUSTIC) RESPONDS TO THE NOISES FROM THE ENGINES OR WINGS OF ITS TARGET.



THE TELEMETRY TRANSMITTER OF A TEST MISSILE COMPARED WITH A MATCH BOX.



A NEW WEAPON IN THE ARMOURY FOR HOME DEFENCE: THE GUIDED MISSILE IN AIR-TO-AIR ATTACK,

In World War II, and during the fighting in Korea, the rocket, fired from an aircraft in flight, proved itself a deadly weapon in attack. The increasing size of these rockets and improved methods of projecting them at the target has brought them nearer and nearer to the controlled or guided missile. It is well known that the Great Powers are devoting a large part of their scientific and material resources to the development of such weapons either for defence or attack, but the results are kept secret, although from time to time certain details are made public which enable an appreciation to be made of their potentialities. Just as the ground-to-air guided missiles are being designed mainly for defence,

so the air-to-air missiles are being developed as a means of defence against enemy bombers, particularly those which may carry atom bombs and must be destroyed before they reach their objective. The enemy bomber flying at a height of 40,000 ft. is a comparatively small target, but it is now possible to send a missile along a beam to the point where its "homing" device takes over control and brings it close enough to the bomber to enable the proximity fuse to function and detonate the missile. It has been stated that some guided missiles can now be made to home on their target in response to infra-red radiation from the enemy bomber's engine exhausts, while another type has an acoustic "homing" device

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

AND A PILOTED ROCKET INTERCEPTOR OF ATOM-BOMB-CARRYING HIGH-SPEED ENEMY AIRCRAFT.

which responds to the noises produced by the passage of the wings through the air or the roar of the engines. The controlling devices used with ground-to-air or ground-to-ground missiles are not subject to the same weight and dimensional restrictions as those used in air-to-air battle, where the gear has to be considerably reduced in size and weight to enable the missile to be carried by an aircraft. To give some idea of the complicated mechanism involved, we show a sectional drawing of a proximity fuse and photographs of the telemetry gear in an experimental rocket primarily designed for ground-to-air use but also capable of being carried by an aircraft. The telemetry gear is fitted to transmit signals to the

firing-point during experiments so that the flight of the missile can be followed and does not control its flight. However, even this telemetry gear is complicated, and the comparison of the transmitter with a match-box shows how small are the components used in its construction. Some attention has also been given to rocket interceptors carried and launched from aircraft. They carry a human pilot and are armed with rockets which are fired when within range of the enemy bomber. To overtake the fast modern bomber, such interceptors must travel at great speed and it is believed that speeds of about 1,300 m.p.h. will be necessary. Pilots are now being tested to discover their reactions to such speeds.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

THE FOUNDER OF OUR LIGHT INFANTRY.

"SIR JOHN MOORE"; By CAROLA OMAN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MISS CAROLA OMAN, historian by descent and in her own right, wrote some years ago a history of Lord Nelson which surpassed its predecessors for comprehensiveness. Now she has written an equally compendious and monumental work on Sir John Moore, which must stand alone, partly because of the paucity of writing about Moore, partly because of its sheer merit, and partly because she has been able to use a mass of material, notably Moore's original Journal which other authors have not seen. The book deals fully with every period of its subject's life. It is so long that by the time one has followed Moore through America, Corsica, the House of Commons (which he entered at a time when Captain Horatio Nelson, R.N., was struggling hard to get a seat), the West Indies, Holland, the Low Countries, Egypt, Sicily, Sweden, Portugal and Spain, the boy who spent nearly five formative years on the Grand Tour with his father and the exquisite young Duke of Hamilton has almost faded from memory. Happily, his acquaintance can always be renewed, merely by beginning the book again.

To give a notion of the riches of the book, I should need as much space as Macaulay used to spread himself over in the *Edinburgh Review*. As Miss Oman proceeds with her laborious and learned, yet leisurely and lucid, passage through all the main scenes of Moore's career—seeming to have "all the time there is" for sketching a host of characters, recounting the causes behind events, and turning her attention from continent to continent, from generation to generation—we gradually and insensibly become acquainted with her able, upright, thorough, loyal, affectionate, but increasingly reserved, soldier. She seldom makes set speeches about his ability and nobility, or about his faculty for being right when other people were wrong, or about his taciturn acceptance of injustice. She produces her result by a multitude of small touches, by the witness of his daily deeds and words, and the casual comments of other men. Had she been Thucydides (still the greatest of all historians), she might have illustrated his character by putting into his mouth long orations which he never uttered, but the gist of which exhibited him truly. Had she been Plutarch, she might herself have eloquently summarised his great qualities. Had she been an ordinary biographer of our time, whether of the academically qualified type or of the journalistic type which tries to convey a person's nature in an exciting, quintessential summary, she would certainly have ended her narrative with a challenging tribute to the qualities of this almost impeccable man.

Not so Miss Oman. She gets Moore buried at Corunna, and immediately goes on to an account of what happened later on, to his collateral descendants; and to the tributes which have been paid to him, from his own time to ours, by his compatriots and his fellow-soldiers, who remember him as the real founder of our Light Infantry. Later writers, using her enormous book as a quarry, and not bothering to find (as they would have difficulty in finding) "new" materials which she has not used, will probably depict the man, with his salient virtues and limitations, in quotable valedictory summaries. Miss Oman has no such set-pieces, and I may as well quote this passage from her as another. It refers to that great, doomed, reticent man—great, perhaps, rather by virtue of his integrity, sense and resolution, than by such surpassing intellect and comprehensive sagacity as was owned by his brother-in-arms, Arthur Wellesley, with whom he once had an extraordinary Greek-meets-Greek encounter—when he was just over forty, in Sicily.

"Sir John Moore was now in his prime, and when he stood at the head of his staircase in a Sicilian palace, attended by his aides and some officers of his regiment from Milazzo, he made a picture not easily forgotten. He was Johnny Moore to the veterans of the Helder and Egypt out at Milazzo now—sometimes just John. 'That's not John's way!' They thought he did not know this, which was as well. To many junior officers he was simply 'Sir John.' The description was a common one [I simply can't help interrupting to say how true that is; as I once, at a quite small luncheon party, sat down with four of them]. At the Horse Guards, a cry of 'Sir John!' might have brought a gnarled countenance and a white frill peering out of half-a-dozen doors. But at Messina there was only one so known, and since young men are emulative, even to the point of copying tricks of

dress, gait and speech, of a favourite commander, his bearing was closely studied. But the truth seemed to be that there was no heel to this Achilles. Sir John Moore's officers were noticeable for quietness, but extreme smartness. (Colborne treasured a story that when Sir John was once asked by a person much concerned with sartorial matters, whether the Hussars were to wear their cloaks, his answer had been, 'Oh yes, and their muffs, too.')

"Although he kept a good table, Moore was very abstemious. Many years later, Anderson burnt hastily a letter from his Chief, in which the name of an officer,



LIEUT.-GENERAL JOHN MOORE: A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

This portrait was presented to the National Portrait Gallery in 1898 by Miss Mary Carrick Moore, great-niece of Sir John Moore. Several versions exist. One painted for Sir Robert Brownrigg shows Moore wearing the star of the K.B., so must have been painted after 1804. Another, without the star, was lent by the widow of Sir Graham Moore to the National Portrait Exhibition in 1868.

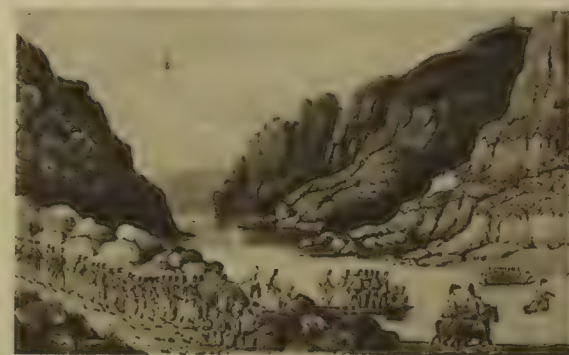
Reproduced by kind permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.



"LIEUT.-GENERAL PAUL ANDERSON (1767-1851), THE DEVOTED FRIEND AND INSEPARABLE COMPANION OF SIR JOHN MOORE, AND IN WHOSE ARMS HE DIED."

Reproduced by kind permission of Colonel C. B. C. Anderson, from the collection at Grace Dieu, Co. Waterford.

obviously the most suitable of three candidates for a certain post, had been dismissed with the words, 'Out of the question.' Thesequel was curious. The officer had succeeded in giving up the bottle, and become one of Moore's closest friends. Little Kempt, quietest and smallest of Brigadiers, said that he had got, early in life, from Sir John a lesson which he never forgot. 'When a man once tells me a lie—the General made a pause—'I've done with him.' Old



SIR JOHN MOORE CROSSING THE TAGUS NEAR VILLA VELHA, NOVEMBER 3, 1808.

Engraving by I. Clark from a water-colour sketch by the Reverend William Bradford, Chaplain of Brigade to the Expedition, published June 1, 1809, in "Sketches of the Country, Character and Costume in Portugal and Spain, made during the campaign and on the route of the British Army in 1808-1809."

Reproduced by kind permission of the Trustees of the British Museum. Illustrations from the book "Sir John Moore"; reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton.

officers, who knew him well, said that Moore's memory 'was extraordinary, yet amiably defective. . . . He recollected everything save the injuries done to himself.'

Those paragraphs may perhaps fairly represent the generous and promiscuous way in which Miss Oman pours out facts from her cornucopia. Clearer and conciser pictures of Moore come from the extracts from his journal, which he laconically kept for many years; the reference to Achilles' heel takes me back to the other old tag about a foot: "ex pede Herculem." "I have the pleasure to observe," Moore is quoted as remarking, on the page which follows that last extract, "that my regiment preserves an excellent spirit, and

that both officers and men take a pride in doing their duty. Their movement in the field is perfect; it is evident that each individual soldier knows perfectly what he has to do; the discipline is carried

on without severity; the officers are attached to the men, the men to the officers."

What more—except for professional efficiency, which Moore certainly possessed—could you ask from a general in command? Moore was devoted to his Service; believed in fighting for a just cause; was aware of the fact that there would never be a shortage of just causes for which to fight, and was solicitous for the welfare of his men. Added to that he died when he had snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat. Added to that a young Irish curate, who was only seventeen when Corunna was fought, and had all his information at second-hand (though he bore the auspicious name of Wolfe), wrote a poem on "The Burial of Sir John Moore" which left on the minds of generations of English children a permanent impression of moonlight, lantern-light, martial-cloaks, an army's love, and the interment of a hero. All that, one would have thought, would have made an impression on our countryside in the form of inn-signs. In those days, before the massed forces of brewery companies, teetotalers and the Treasury had made it almost impossible for a retired soldier or sailor to acquire a Free House and name it after the man he most admired, the country became covered with inns, whose signs bore the names, and the heads or the Arms, of chieftains whose men had admired them and loved them, and would have followed them to the death. Nelsons there are in plenty, and Wellingtons and Iron Dukes; from the earlier age of Minden there are innumerable Marquises of Granby, named after that good man and general who was notorious for his concern for the welfare and comfort of his private soldiers. I have never yet encountered a tavern called "The Sir John Moore" or "The Hero of Corunna." If there is one such anywhere, and a reader lets me know about it, I shall gladly make a pilgrimage to it: and shall be quite prepared against the shock of finding Ye Olde Oake Beames described in an illustrated Brochure, the settles replaced by tubular steel chairs with vermilion seats, and the person behind the bar a cheeky Irishman in a smart white coat, busy polishing cocktail-glasses.

Perhaps it was his reserve which led to that absence of inn-signs and the paucity of biographies. To this day nobody knows if he ever wanted to marry anybody, and, if so, whom. The old legend is that he was engaged to Pitt's niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, that independent woman who ended her career as a "Sheikess" in a castle in the Lebanon. His last recorded words—after he had said "Anderson! You know that I have always wished to die this way," and "I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my Country will do me justice," and "Say to my mother . . ."—were uttered to his A.D.C. James Stanhope: "Remember me to your sister."

On those words a conjectural romance has traditionally been built. It has, Miss Oman thinks, no foundation: any dying man, with a final glimpse of the face of a friend whose sister had been kind to him, might well say: "Give my love to your sister." Had Moore proposed to anybody it might have been to Caroline Fox. But, in the first place, he was always busy and might be killed at any moment; and, in the second, he would always have thought himself unworthy of the hand of any woman whose hand he would care to take. Whether Lady Hester was in love with him is another matter. At any rate, she knew him for what he was. After his death she wrote to the friend in whose arms he died: "I cannot help looking forward to some person writing a thorough history of this great man, who was great and good throughout." At long last Lady Hester's wish has been fulfilled.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 990 of this issue.

MISS CAROLA OMAN (LADY LENANTON), THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Miss Carola Oman, "historian by descent and in her own right," is the daughter of the late Sir Charles Oman. In 1922 she married Sir Gerald Lenanton, who died in 1952. Miss Oman has written a number of historical novels, modern fiction and biographies, the latter group including "Elizabeth of Bohemia"; "Henrietta Maria" and "Nelson."

* "Sir John Moore." By Carola Oman. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; 42s.).

ANIMALS IN THE NEWS, AND ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM TWO MUSEUMS.



PRINCE TAKES UP DUTY AS A BABY-SITTER: THE ZOO'S FAMOUS KING PENGUIN TENDS A BABY BLACK-FOOTED PENGUIN.

Prince, the famous King Penguin and the only one to be reared at the London Zoo, can be seen in our photograph settling a new baby Black-footed penguin comfortably in a bed of straw.



A RARE CATCH IN THE SCOTTISH AREA: AN EAGLE RAY CAUGHT BY A FISHING VESSEL FROM WICK ON NOVEMBER 24.

An eagle ray measuring 23½ ins. across the disc and 34 ins from the snout to the tip of the tail was caught off Wick recently. This species, known scientifically as *Myliobatis aquila*, is a native of warmer seas, such as the Mediterranean. Though not uncommon off the south and west coasts of England, it is a rarity in the Scottish area.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON HER FOURTH BIRTHDAY: BRUMAS, THE LONDON ZOO'S FAMOUS POLAR BEAR.

On November 27, 1949, *Brumas*, daughter of *Ivy* and *Mischa*, was born in the London Zoo and became the only polar bear cub born there to survive more than a few days. As a cub she attracted record crowds.

(RIGHT.) THE HISTORY OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES SHOWN IN A FRENCH MUSEUM: A CARVED WOODEN MODEL OF THE "AMBASSADORS' STAIRCASE."

A museum is shortly to be opened at Versailles, near Paris, in which the history of the famous Palace of Versailles will be illustrated by a series of models. Our photograph shows the "Ambassadors' Staircase" made in wood by M. Charles Arquinet. It was announced last year that the Palace of Versailles, the most visited historic building in France, was in a dangerous state of disrepair, and that unless £5,000,000 was spent, irreparable damage would be done.



ILLUSTRATING THE STATUS OF PILTDOWN MAN: A SPECIAL EXHIBIT WHICH IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM IN SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON.

Piltown Man is the subject of a special exhibit at the Natural History Museum. The exhibit comprises the original fragments of skull, teeth and lower jaw, with a brief history of their discovery, and the evidence on which is founded the recently published interpretation of the Piltown remains.



A FISH WHICH CAN INFLATE ITSELF TO SEVERAL TIMES ITS NORMAL SIZE WHEN DANGER THREATENS: AN ATLANTIC PUFFER; NORMAL SIZE (LEFT) AND INFLATED (RIGHT).

Our photographs show a Puffer or Globe-fish at the London Zoo. These fish (*Tetradontidae*) have the curious habit of inflating the body like a balloon as a protection when danger threatens. They are also aided by hedgehog-like spines on the back.



A GROUP OF KIKUYU, UNDER SUSPICION OF MAU MAU ACTIVITIES, BEING BROUGHT IN HANDCUFFED AND UNDER GUARD FOR EXAMINATION AT A HEADQUARTERS.



A HOME GUARD STRONGHOLD IN THE KIKUYU RESERVE. WHILE MANY OF THIS FORCE ARE ARMED WITH SPEARS, BOWS AND ARROWS, A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER CARRY FIREARMS.

At the end of October Mr. Lyttelton gave the House of Commons a progress report on the Kenya situation and described it as much better than he feared it might be, "but it certainly falls short of what I hoped it would be." Solid progress had been achieved in the Rift Valley and in the main parts of the Kikuyu reserve, except in part of Nyeri. Success against the gangs had led to the transfer of the trouble to other areas; and especially to the Mt. Kenya district and the Aberdares, where large

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST MAU MAU IN KENYA, AND



AN INTERROGATION IN THE FIELD: A KIKUYU, SUSPECTED OF MAU MAU TERRORISM, UNDER MILITARY AND KIKUYU HOME GUARD WATCH, IS BEING EXAMINED IN THE PRESENCE OF A BRITISH OFFICER.



A KIKUYU HOME GUARD DETAIL RECEIVING ORDERS FROM A LOCAL LEADER. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THIS FORCE IS THOUGHT TO BE TENDING TO A NEW KIND OF LEADERSHIP.

forces of terrorists could lie hidden. Military action against these areas has been intensified and recently *Lincoln* bombers have been used to make attacks on forest strongholds with a view of dispersing the gangs and driving them out into the open. Three brigades are in action; and this scale of operation is meeting with the high approval of the loyal Kikuyu. Chief Muhoya, on the edge of the Aberdares, has stated that now is the time to put in troops and money and finish the emergency

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE KIKUYU HOME GUARD.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INTERROGATION OF A MAU MAU SUSPECT. KIKUYU HOME GUARDS, ARMED WITH SPEARS, ARE SITTING ON THE RIGHT AS THE INTERROGATION GOES FORWARD.



MAU MAU SUSPECTS INSIDE A WIRE CAGE AWAITING EXAMINATION AND PERHAPS TRIAL. THE RESERVES ARE NOW BETTER ADMINISTERED AND THE MAIN WAR IS IN WILD COUNTRY.

within the coming year. He also emphasized that it would be unwise to take British troops away too soon after the emergency ended and before the people could "sleep in peace." In the meanwhile the Kikuyu Home Guard organisation has continued to grow and great hopes are placed in its development of leadership and steadiness among young men who previously took little part in the communal life. Much of this force is Christian, or has a Christian bias, and it is believed that, when



A STREET SCENE IN NAIROBI, WHERE IT HAS BEEN COMMON PRACTICE FOR ALL EUROPEANS OF BOTH SEXES TO GO ABOUT ARMED AT ALL TIMES.



A PATROL OF KIKUYU HOME GUARDS ASSEMBLING. THIS FORCE HAS, AFTER A SHAKY START, DEVELOPED INTO AN IMPORTANT FACTOR FOR LAW AND ORDER.

later perhaps Mau Mau members come drifting back to the reserve, the Home Guard leaders will be the solid core of reconstruction and the natural future leaders of the Kikuyu. In a major battle against a large Mau Mau force south-west of Nyeri on November 20, Kikuyu Home Guards were fighting side by side with two companies of the Devons and the Buffs, and Kenya police; and in the course of the ten-hour action twenty-three Mau Mau were killed and thirty-five captured.

THE Russian Note of November 3 has been described as a rejection of the repeated proposals of the Western Powers that a four-Power Conference should be held at Lugano to discuss questions relating to Germany and Austria. It was not a rejection in so many words, but it seemed to amount to that in essence. It was indeed a curious document. It paid no attention to the invitation itself, but proposed a five-Power Conference (that is, including China), which appeared—though the wording was vague—to be dependent upon the willingness of the Western Powers to strip themselves of such strategic advantages as they possessed. Since the Soviet Government could not have believed that they would do any such thing, the only reasonable conclusion was that it did not desire a conference. It also seemed probable that the signs of a more reasonable and accommodating Soviet policy which had appeared since the death of Stalin were delusive, or else that the political line had again been changed. Yet within a fortnight the Soviet Government apparently had second thoughts on the subject and explained that it had not in fact rejected the Western proposals.

Then came the new Note of November 26. It accepted, without prior conditions, the proposals for a four-Power Conference. It suggested Berlin as the meeting-place, but made no mention of a date. It stated that the Soviet Union would propose at the Conference that another should be held in the near future, this being a five-Power Conference to include China. It also launched a long attack on items of Western defence policy which it most dislikes, such as proposals for a European Army, the use of bases on the soil of allies, and German rearmament; but, as indicated above, it had the advantage over the preceding Note that it did not demand the advance repudiation of these elements of policy. Speculation about the background to Russian political moves is generally fruitless, but one thing can be said without hesitation about the Note of November 26: it marks a retreat from the position taken up in that of November 3. We may perhaps say that the second Note includes an acknowledgment of an error.

No one can say at present whether such a conference is likely to advance the cause of peace, though clearly no doubts about the result should prevent the invitation from being accepted. The worst that could happen would be that the Soviet Government would make the five-Power Conference which it desires the principal subject—in fact, use the meeting as a mere preliminary to it—and refuse to allow any other business to be transacted. On the whole, this seems unlikely; in any case, the risk is one which ought to be accepted. The situation is that the Western Powers have asked for such a meeting and have said that they would not impose prior conditions and the Soviet Government has accepted their request and on its part dropped the prior conditions which it had rather vaguely demanded in its previous Note. So, however keenly they may be aware of the difficulties to be encountered, however guarded their optimism may be, the Western Powers are bound to accept. The presumption is that they will have done so, from Bermuda, before this article appears in print. There should be no mistake here.

Supposing that a mistake was made and corrected, the correction does not lack diplomatic skill. It was made at the time of a life-and-death struggle in French politics, though the suggestion that it was intended to influence the actual debate in the Assembly is far-fetched, and if this was the case it was issued too late. But, though the fate of the Government of M. Laniel depended upon that debate, this did not represent the essence of the French political crisis. The essence is confusion, hesitation, unwillingness to reach a decision of any sort. All these symptoms of malady are likely to be encouraged by the Soviet Note of November 26. Against her will, France has proved useful to Soviet Russia's policy by stone-walling against projects for German rearmament and more recently even against her own projects for E.D.C. Not long ago, a few words which recognised that her attitude was not that of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE NEW RUSSIAN NOTE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

either the United States or the United Kingdom were, almost casually, addressed to her from Moscow. This Note may serve as a "follow-up" to that message.

Again, the Note was sent on the eve of the Bermuda Conference. The French Ministers were already expected to go there with little or no authority to commit their country, but the effect of the Note, by increasing the confusion of public and parliamentary opinion, was likely to be a further curtailment of their authority. It may even be that the Note was intended to divide British and United States opinion and policy. At the time of writing, the first reactions in the two countries appear rather different, those of Washington being less optimistic than those of Whitehall. In any case, the views of the two Governments about the place of Communist China being as different as they are, their views on the propriety of a five-Power Conference in which she would be a participant might be expected to differ also. We can be pretty certain that, even if the Russian Government considers the rearmament of Western Germany to be inevitable in the long run, it is interested in postponing this step as long as possible, because it considers it will be in a better position to face the new situation a few years hence than it now is. Two long-drawn-out conferences next year, leading nowhere in particular, might be as useful

point is that the Western Powers have got the opportunity of obtaining what they have asked for, a four-Power Conference untrammelled by prior conditions or stipulations. And, despite my warnings, I do feel that the situation is a little easier and more promising this year than last. In fact, I am prepared to agree with one point made by the Russians, that, if the future of Korea should be reviewed as part of the world situation, the logical conclusion must be that Communist China should be included in the Powers taking part in the discussion. Since the defeat of the North Korean Army at the hands of General MacArthur it has been China which has maintained the Korean war. The United States has been in direct negotiation with representatives of China over the Armistice. No final political settlement can be hoped for without the participation of China.

Writing here some years ago, I discussed the possibility that Russian statesmen, who, as is still the case, had little knowledge of the United States and Britain, might be subject to a genuine anxiety. I cannot now find the reference, but I remember concluding that such a possibility could not be dismissed. I made then and make now no excuse for their attitude to their former allies, still less for their actions. In fact, Soviet policy has laid itself open to deeper reproach since then. Yet the creators of an aggressive policy easily pass to the view that they have cause for feeling aggrieved. The truth is that in this case the allies speedily realised that they had been tricked and out-maneuvred in the last international conferences of the war and that the post-war Russian policy was not only unfriendly but extremely dangerous. Slowly and against the grain, they took counter-measures to provide for their safety. The last taken was the North Atlantic Treaty and the events which have flowed from it. The last proposed has been the formation of the E.D.C.

These measures have improved the outlook and appear to have lessened the danger of war. We know, of course, that they have been heartily disliked by Russia. What only the historian of the future is likely to discover is to what extent they have made the Kremlin persuade itself that they represent a threat rather than a means of defence. As I have said, the possibility that the Russian Government has reached such a state of mind is one which is in my view worth consideration. If it has, there can be no hope of enlightening it except at the conference table. Ambassadors and embassies have become of less importance

than formerly. Even between allies the great decisions are almost invariably taken at conferences or in personal meetings. And where the Iron Curtain is concerned, embassies have so far lost their old functions that they are reduced to routine, and, for all the serious business they do, might hardly exist. We may hope that diplomacy, the most satisfactory means of doing international business, will some day regain its proper place, but we must admit that the present is the age of the international conference—and the note blared out on the radio.

So, whenever there appears any reasonable prospect of loosening tension, it is desirable to seek a conference, and therefore to accept one when it is proposed. The road is sure to be hard, but it is the only one. We cannot afford to let ourselves be duped, as in the past, or to allow time to be wasted endlessly so that the conference becomes a means of postponing urgent decisions. This is not to say, however, that we should go on expecting the worst. In this case the prospects are just a little brighter than they would have been in 1952. The Western Powers will have a good opportunity at Bermuda of deciding upon the course to be followed. Let the extreme pessimists put one question to themselves: would they rather that the Soviet Note of November 26 had not been sent? I find it hard to believe that any sane person who had followed international affairs this year with reasonable intelligence would answer that question in the affirmative.



EXHIBITED AT A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY AMBROSE MCEVOY, A.R.A. (1878-1927), AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: "AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M., R.A."—AN EARLY PORTRAIT SKETCH.



INCLUDED IN THE WORKS OF AMBROSE MCEVOY ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: "SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G."—AN EARLY PORTRAIT SKETCH.

A Retrospective Exhibition of works by Ambrose McEvoy is now being held at the Leicester Galleries (December 2-23), and among the exhibits are the two portrait sketches reproduced on this page. Ambrose McEvoy was born in Wiltshire in 1878 and was sent to the Slade School at the age of fifteen, on Whistler's advice, where he studied under Professor Fred Brown for three years. He became a member of the New English Art Club and an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours in 1926. In 1924 McEvoy was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in the winter of the year following his death a Memorial Exhibition was held at the Royal Academy.

Illustrations reproduced by Courtesy of Ernest Brown and Phillips Ltd., The Leicester Galleries.

from this point of view as though they had achieved some positive and definable ends.

It must be recalled that if there is one subject rather than any other on which Russia has consistently stalled and on which the famous "no" of Mr. Molotov has dominated proceedings, that subject has been Austria. This unlucky country has certainly paid a high price for giving birth to Hitler, and too readily accepting its inclusion in the German Reich. One cannot, in view of Austria's strategic importance to Russia, feel very confident that the situation will be improved by a new conference. It was made clear in the first discussions about Austria after the war that Russian strategy ascribed high importance to her territories. In fact, when I speak of discussions, I am using a word which was a misnomer. The point of discussion about the core of the matter was never really reached. It cannot be accepted with certainty that this view will never be modified or even completely altered. At the same time, whatever may be the revisions of Russian strategy, one must feel convinced that, so long as atomic weapons are likely to be used in war, Russia will desire, in the event of a war, that her land forces should start their advance as far as possible outside her own frontiers. Thus hopes of an Austrian settlement cannot be better than moderate.

These are only warnings against undue optimism, not arguments against the proposed four-Power Conference or even a five-Power Conference such as the Russians have proposed should follow. The main

TELEVISION AS AN AID TO BANKING.



TELEVISION IN USE IN A NEW YORK SAVINGS BANK. HERE A HEADQUARTERS CLERK HOLDS (LEFT) A DEPOSITOR'S CARD UNDER THE TRANSMITTER AND CHECKS THE VISION IN THE MONITOR SCREEN (RIGHT). . .



. . . MEANWHILE THE CASHIER AT THE BRANCH OFFICE CHECKS THE WITHDRAWAL SLIP SIGNATURE WITH THE RECORD KEPT AT HEADQUARTERS AND SHOWN TO HER BY TELEVISION.



BY MEANS OF THIS CLOSED TELEVISION CIRCUIT CLERICAL WORK AT THE BRANCH IS CUT AND NO ELABORATE RECORDS NEED BE KEPT THERE, THUS SAVING SPACE AND RENT.

The New York Savings Bank has installed a closed circuit television link between its headquarters offices and its new branch in Rockefeller Centre. The basic purpose of this is to save time and increase business in a smaller branch office, by cutting down the necessity for keeping records and, so, special staff there. On the presentation by a client of a withdrawal slip, the cashier at the branch asks headquarters for the records of the client. The headquarters clerk takes them from the file and holds them under the transmitter of a private closed-circuit television link and in this way the cashier at the branch can see immediately all the necessary information and can check a signature, read the balance (or the reverse) and learn the state of the account's interest. As a result of this system the branch can be kept open longer without extra work at the branch, since the employees are not required to spend the closing hours of each day in the usual tedious clerical work. Extra work naturally falls on the headquarters office; but this is of a nature that can be easily absorbed into existing operations there. More deposits can be handled at the branch and the annual increase in business there has been estimated at something like 30,000,000 dollars.

REPLICAS OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMOUR.

The armour and other relics of the Black Prince formerly hung over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral; but were removed to the protection of a glass case by the Dean and Chapter on the advice of experts who prophesied that if they were left there they would deteriorate and eventually disintegrate. Now, however, thanks to the generosity of a Friend of Canterbury, Mr. H. Simmonds, of Tonbridge, replicas of the surcoat, helm, crest and gauntlets, which were used at the funeral of the Black Prince, are being made, by the Armourers of the Tower of London and by the Royal School of Needlework and these, when completed, will rest on the wooden tester behind the iron grill which encloses the tomb. Visitors to the Cathedral will therefore soon be able to see the tomb in much of the glory of its original adorning towards the end of the fourteenth century. The tomb itself, which is of Purbeck marble and constructed according to the specification laid down in the Prince's own will, was cleaned in 1935 under Professor Tristram's direction.



MAKING REPLICAS OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMOUR TO HANG OVER HIS TOMB AT CANTERBURY. TWO OF THE REPLICA GAUNTLETS SHOWN WITH, LEFT, THE ORIGINAL LEFT GAUNTLET.



IN THE TOWER OF LONDON ARMOURIES, WHERE THE BLACK PRINCE'S ARMOUR REPLICAS ARE BEING MADE. CHECKING THE MEASUREMENTS OF THE REPLICA WITH THE ORIGINAL HELM.



A NOBLE-LOOKING BIRD WHICH NOW APPEARS TO BE ON THE INCREASE IN PARTS OF BRITAIN: "A BUZZARD AT BAIT"—A FINE STUDY BY H. G. WAGSTAFF.



TWO OF THE LARGEST LIVING LIZARDS, WHICH MAY ATTAIN A LENGTH OF OVER 12 FT.: "KOMODO DRAGONS"—A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. S. PITT.



A STRIKING STUDY OF A RATHER REPULSIVE-LOOKING BIRD OF PREY: "NUBIAN VULTURE," FROM A MONOCHROME TRANSPARENCY BY T. MIDDLETON.



A FINE CAMERA STUDY OF ONE OF THE MOST GORGEOUS AND CONSPICUOUS OF ALL THE PARROTS: "HEAD OF MACAW," BY TAN SENG-HUAT.

THE ART OF THE NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER: SOME NOTABLE EXHIBITS FROM THE R.P.S. SHOW IN LONDON.

Throughout this year the Royal Photographic Society, the oldest society of its kind, has been celebrating its centenary. A number of photographic exhibitions have been held as part of the Society's celebrations, including a special centenary exhibition last May. Nature photography cannot claim to be so long established, for the first nature pictures, as we understand them to-day, were taken towards

the end of the last century. Yet in this field, too, there have been remarkable advances, as visitors to the present Exhibition of Nature Photography, now being held at the Society's premises at 16, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7, will be able to judge for themselves. The large number of exhibits include studies of birds, flowers, fish, insects, mammals and reptiles.



EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF "FLYING SAUCERS" IN THE AQUARIUM! A STUDY OF "SCALLOPS ESCAPING FROM STARFISHES"; BY DOUGLAS P. WILSON.



"THE CAMOUFLAGE EXPERT"—PODARKUS OR MOPOKE ON BOUGH OF TREE: A FASCINATING NATURE STUDY BY GARTH GRANT-THOMSON.



RESEMBLING SOME RARE FRUIT OR VEGETABLE AND PROVIDING A PUZZLE PICTURE: "EGGS OF LARGE WHITE BUTTERFLY," BY H. J. HOWARD.

THE WORLD OF NATURE PORTRAYED BY THE CAMERA: STRIKING STUDIES FROM A CURRENT EXHIBITION.

On this and the opposite page we show some of the photographs from the Royal Photographic Society's current exhibition of Nature Photography, which is being held until December 22. In a short introduction to the List of Exhibits, Mr. G. K. Yeates, chairman of the Nature Exhibition Organizing Committee, says that it is a remarkable fact that "to-day the equipment

used by many nature photographers has changed very little from that employed in its early days. The majority still find that the 'field' type of camera serves them best." He adds that, broadly speaking, "it is true to say that the only real revolution in technique—and it is within the last decade—has been caused by the introduction of the electronic flash."

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHO would ever dream of packing up a box of cut flowers, and posting them off to a friend, knowing that they would take two or three weeks to reach their destination?

Mad, one might imagine, quite mad. Not so, however, with Chinchinchees. One day last week a neat and natty wooden box arrived here by post. It was almost exactly the shape and size that takes—



"A MOST ATTRACTIVE AND SATISFACTORY" RELATION OF THE CHINCHINCHEE: *ORNITHOGALUM SAUNDERSIAE*, WITH ITS "HANDSOME HEAD OF WHITE FLOWERS, EACH WITH A STRIKING, BLACKISH, BOOT-BUTTON-LIKE CENTRAL BOSS."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

or brings—as I know from happy experience—an occasional bottle of whisky. But this had not come from across the Border. It had come from across the Equator, from Cape Town, and contained a good bunch, over fifty stems, of Chinchinchees, sent by a good friend at The Cape. They came out of their box in perfectly fresh and plump condition, with not a wilt or a droop among them, in spite of the fact that they had come, not by air mail, but by ordinary overland, or, rather, overseas, mail.

The Chinchinchee, *Ornithogalum thyrsoides*, is a popular wild flower at The Cape, and it lasts extraordinarily long and well in water. Superficially the flowers look very like white bluebells, with 15- to 18-in. stems, though these are firmer and more wiry than bluebell stems. When this consignment arrived last week all were still in bud. Not a single blossom had opened, but since then many of the lower buds have opened out as pure white stars; not spiky stars, but broad-petalled and nicely cupped. Although Chinchinchees grow very plentifully in the wild at The Cape, I imagine that they are nursery grown for market, for local sale, and for posting overseas, for these which came to me were packed in what was almost certainly a special box for the purpose, and they were accompanied by a slip with printed instructions. This announced that the flowers had travelled in the cool chambers of the mail steamer, and the instructions were to place the stems on arrival in lukewarm water, and keep them in clean, fresh water, cutting off the ends of the stems from time to time. Finally: "Use very little water in order that the stems can retain their natural green colour."

I have received Chinchinchees before, and very welcome they are at this time of year. A pleasant change from the ordinary run of early winter flowers, chrysanthemums, cyclamen, yellow jasmine and the rest. And they last longer than almost any flower

CHINCHINCHEES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

that I know, patiently opening their rather glacial stars up the ever-lengthening flower-spikes, week after week—one might almost say month after month—until gratitude for so gallant and long-suffering a performance almost gives way to boredom. During its last few weeks, Chinchinchee assumes a cadaverous, invalid pallor which suggests something which has developed in a cellar. When flowers reach that stage, and begin to require dusting, it is time surely to put aside false gratitude and sentiment and practise euthanasia. The R.H.S. "Dictionary" mentions three varieties of Chinchinchee in addition to the white-flowered form: *Ornithogalum thyrsoides aureum*, flowers golden yellow; *O. t. flavescens*, saffron yellow; and *O. t. flavissimum*, deep yellow. These I have never seen, but I saw the handsome *Ornithogalum aurantiacum* at the Cape, a very fine plant indeed. If these four would travel as well as the white Chinchinchee, and last as well in water, they should afford greater scope for the export trade.

I once grew a double-flowered variety of the Chinchinchee, but it was not a success, at any rate under my methods of under-glass cultivation. Deprived apparently by the doubling of its flowers of any chance of reproducing itself by bringing forth seeds, it appeared to have developed a nightmare mania for reproduction by means of bulbs. Not content with splitting, re-splitting and sub-splitting its normal underground bulbs until there were hundreds of silly, little, undersized bulblets, not one of which ever reached flowering size, it formed rows of minute bulblets in close formation all along the edges of the leaves. A truly horrifying exhibition of thwarted reproduction mania.

A most attractive and satisfactory species which I grew for some years, until it became a war casualty, was *Ornithogalum saundersiae*. This had a rather large bulb and grew to a height of 3 ft., with a handsome head of white flowers, each with a striking, blackish, boot-button-like central boss. This requires greenhouse protection—which reminds me that, writing about Heliotrope, "Cherry Pie," in a recent article, I said that the plant requires greenhouse protection, with a little artificial heat in winter. Since then I have learnt that the plant is not such a molly-coddle as all that. A correspondent has written to tell me of a specimen which has lived for many years planted out in an unheated lean-to greenhouse in a garden on the east coast of Yorkshire. That being so, I shall certainly plant out a heliotrope in the border at the back of my own lean-to greenhouse next spring.

A flowering shrub which at present is relatively little known, but which I feel sure has a great future before it, is the Hidcote variety of *Hypericum patulum*. It was collected by Major Laurence Johnston in the Far East, and there are now specimens of it at Hidcote standing 5 ft. and 6 ft. tall, shapely, rounded bushes covered all summer and well into the autumn with splendid golden, rose-like blossoms. Cuttings which Major Johnston gave me have grown in five years into 4-ft.

specimens. Having flowered profusely and continuously the whole summer, they are still, in the last week of November, carrying a sprinkling of their handsome blossoms. A vase of them, gathered for the house, has lasted about a week. This Hidcote form, or variety, has not, I think, been pinned down by the botanical authorities, and given an official name. I speak of it, provisionally, as a variety of *Hypericum patulum*, but I do that on the authority of knowledgeable friends with whom I have discussed the plant. It appears to be a finer thing than either *Hypericum patulum* var. *Henryi* or *H. p. var. Forrestii*. Bean gives the flowers of *forrestii* as "fully 2 ins. wide." Flowers of the Hidcote plant—and late



THE REASONABLY HARDY HYBRID BETWEEN *HYPERICUM LESCHENAUTII* AND *H. HOOKERIANUM ROBERTSII*: THE ROWALLANE HYBRID WITH "RICH GOLDEN BLOSSOMS, THREE INCHES ACROSS AND WONDERFULLY SOLID IN TEXTURE... MOST BEAUTIFUL AND... ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR CUTTING."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

specimens at that—measure 2½ ins. across. This splendid flowering shrub has, I am glad to say, found its way into at least two or three specialist shrub nurseries. It is one of the most industrious, non-stop, hardy flowering shrubs that I know, and at the same time one of the most attractive.

Alas that *Hypericum leschenaultii* is not a truly hardy plant in this country. I have only seen it flowering as an unheated greenhouse plant, and was greatly impressed by its huge blossoms, like rich golden, single roses. Bean says of it: "So far as I have seen, it is, in combined size and richness of colouring, the finest flowered of all *Hypericums*... It is not quite hardy at Kew, where it is grown in a practically unheated house, making shoots half to fully a yard long in a season, attaining a height of 12 ft. or more, and flowering during the summer and autumn months. I saw it in Mr. Armytage-Moore's garden at Rowallane, Co. Down, one autumn day some years ago, growing fully in the open and flowering freely."

Hypericum leschenaultii, however, has mated with the hardy *H. hookerianum robertsii* and produced *H. "Rowallane Hybrid"*, which is reasonably hardy. With me, however, it usually gets cut to the ground in a normal winter and then, breaking again from ground-level next spring, makes vigorous shoots 3 or 4 ft. tall, which do not begin to flower until autumn, often too late to make anything of a show, though individually the rich golden blossoms, 3 ins. across, and wonderfully solid in texture, are most beautiful and are especially good for cutting.



A FLOWERING SHRUB "WHICH I FEEL SURE HAS A GREAT FUTURE BEFORE IT, IS THE HIDCOTE VARIETY OF *HYPERICUM PATULUM*... IT IS ONE OF THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS, NON-STOP, HARDY FLOWERING SHRUBS THAT I KNOW, AND AT THE SAME TIME ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.



SHOWING THE WIDE THOROUGHFARE AND A POLICEMAN REGULATING TRAFFIC: A VIEW IN SUVA, THE CAPITAL OF THE FIJI ISLANDS SINCE 1882. IT IS SITUATED ON VITI LEVU, LARGEST ISLAND OF THE GROUP.

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to visit the Fiji Islands on December 17-19, when they will stay at Suva, the capital of the colony, situated on the largest island, Viti Levu (area 4010 square miles). The Fiji Islands consist of an archipelago in the Pacific Ocean, and form the most important group of Polynesian Islands. There are some 322 islands, of which about 106 are inhabited by a mixed population, including Europeans, Fijians, Indians, Chinese, part-Europeans, Polynesians, Melanesians, and others. The islands were discovered by Tasman in 1643, and visited by Captain Cook in 1774. Bligh, who approached them in the launch of the *Bounty* in 1789, had a hostile encounter with the natives. In 1827 Dumont d'Urville surveyed them, but the first extensive survey

[Continued below.]



ILLUSTRATING THE ELABORATE STYLE OF THE ARCHITECTURE: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SUVA. SIR RONALD HUBERT GARVEY IS THE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[Continued.]

was carried out by a United States exploring expedition of 1840. Until then European intercourse with the archipelago had been slight, owing to the hostile character of the natives and to their practise of cannibalism. No survey of the history of the Fiji Islands can be made without reference to the remarkable civilising work of the Wesleyan missionaries who came from Tonga in 1835. In 1875 Britain accepted unconditional sovereignty over the islands, which had been suffering from attacks by the Tongans, and financial difficulties. The Constitution is regulated by letters patent of April 2, 1937. There is an Executive Council consisting of the Governor, Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General and the Financial Secretary, with the Secretary for Fijian Affairs and four unofficial members

[Continued above, right.]



PART OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SINGATOKA, SITUATED ON THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF VITI LEVU: A VIEW SHOWING THE WIDE ESTUARY AND THE BRIDGE.

TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN THIS MONTH: THE BRITISH POLYNESIAN COLONY OF FIJI.

[Continued.]

nominated by the Governor. The Legislative Council is made up of the Governor, sixteen official members and five European, five Fijian and five Indian members. The Fijians have always enjoyed a considerable measure of self-government, which was increased under the terms of the Fijian Affairs Ordinance, 1944, which came into operation on January 1, 1945. The islands are for the most part surrounded by coral barriers broken by openings opposite the mouth of streams. Suva, the capital, has a good harbour; and there is a road round the island of Viti Levu, while Fiji has one of the main airports on the Trans-Pacific Airline service at

[Continued below.]



SURROUNDED BY A GARDEN PLANTED WITH PALMS OF VARIOUS VARIETIES, AND NUMEROUS SHRUBS: THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL IN SUVA, CAPITAL OF THE FIJI ISLANDS WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARE TO VISIT.

[Continued.]

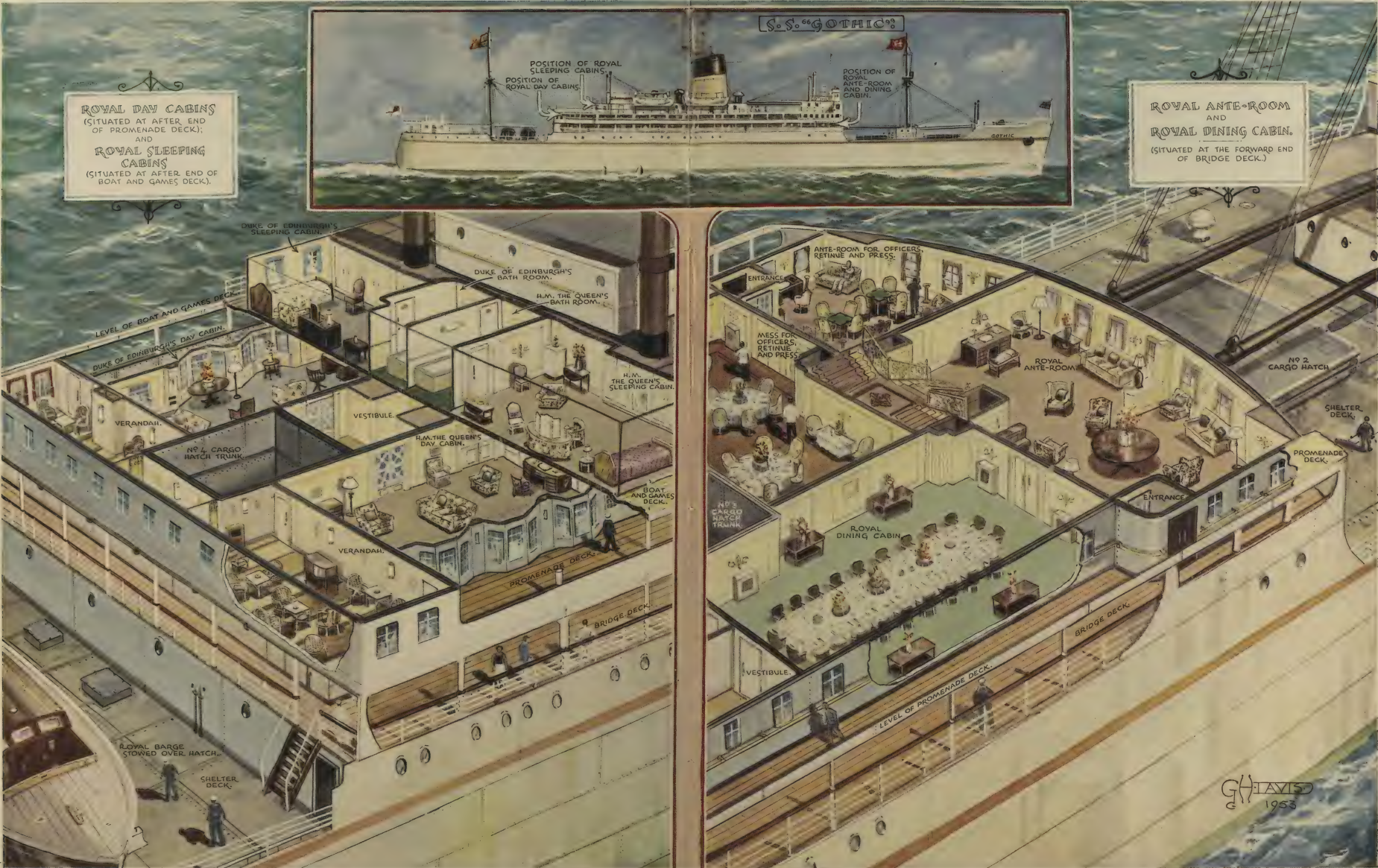
Nadi. A small, regular armed force with territorial units and trained reserves is maintained; and a battalion of The Fiji Infantry Regiment has been serving in Malaya. The police force consists of Fijians and Indians, with Europeans and some Indian and Fijian officers. The girls shown in one of our colour photographs are performing a "Sitting Dance," which incorporates traditional native songs, and is accompanied by graceful movements of hands and arms. When the Queen arrives at Suva, representative Chiefs will board the *Gothic* to welcome her with ancient ceremonial: and on shore traditional gifts will be offered. [Colour Photographs by Anthony Carver.]



WEARING NATIVE "TAPA" CLOTH IN ADDITION TO EUROPEAN DRESS: LAUAN WOMEN PERFORMING A "SITTING DANCE," OR *VAKAMALOLO*, WHICH INCORPORATES TRADITIONAL NATIVE SONGS.



THE SECOND TOWN ON VITI LEVU: A VIEW OF LAUTOKA, ON THE NORTH COAST OF THE ISLAND. A ROAD RUNS ROUND THE WHOLE ISLAND, CONNECTING THE VARIOUS TOWNS.



THE ROYAL SUITE IN S.S. GOTHIC: VIEWS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE LINER, SHOWING THE ACCOMMODATION PREPARED FOR HER MAJESTY'S JOURNEY TO NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

On November 27 H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh were to embark at Kingston, Jamaica, in the Shaw Savill liner *S.S. Gothic* for their journey to New Zealand, where they are due to arrive on December 23. The Royal apartments in *S.S. Gothic* are situated on three decks, the day cabins being at the after-end of the Promenade deck, and the sleeping cabins and bathrooms on the deck above—that is, at the after-end of the Boat deck. The

Royal ante-room and dining-cabin are at the forward end of the Bridge deck, now known temporarily as the Saloon deck. As will be seen from our diagrammatic drawing, the Queen's day cabin is on the starboard side and the Duke of Edinburgh's cabin is on the port side, with a vestibule connecting the two apartments. The cabins are decorated in light colours, the Queen's having off-white walls and turquoise curtains. The Duke's day cabin contains a

writing-desk used by Queen Victoria in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. Aft of the Royal day cabins the existing Verandah Café has been adapted as a verandah for the Royal travellers; it contains a large record-player which can be seen against the forward wall. The Royal sleeping-cabins and the two bathrooms which are placed between them can be seen in our drawing with the after-wall diagrammatically cut away to show the interiors. The Royal

ante-room at the forward end of the Bridge or Saloon deck has numerous windows looking forward over the ship's bows. Just aft of the ante-room, on the starboard side of the same deck, is the large Royal dining-cabin, with its magnificent table at which the Queen will entertain her official guests. It will be noticed that the Royal barge is stowed on the after-end of the Shelter deck; it is shown in our drawing without its tarpaulin cover.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH OFFICIAL CO-OPERATION.



SITUATED AT NUKUALOFA, CAPITAL OF THE TONGA, OR FRIENDLY, ISLANDS: THE WAR MEMORIAL. TONGA HAS BEEN AN INDEPENDENT POLYNESIAN KINGDOM SINCE 1845.

TO WELCOME HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN DECEMBER: THE TONGA ISLANDS, QUEEN SALOTE'S KINGDOM.

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh have arranged to fly from Fiji on December 19 to the Tonga, or Friendly, Islands, the independent Polynesian kingdom ruled over by H.M. Queen Salote Tupou, G.B.E., and to remain there until the following day. Queen Salote came to England for the Coronation and, so striking is her appearance and so delightful her personality, that she became one of the most popular of the visiting Royalty who were present on that great occasion. Tonga has been independent since 1845 and in 1900 became a self-governing state under the Protection of Britain. The present Queen succeeded to the throne on the death of her father, George II., on April 12, 1918. She was educated in New Zealand, and her elder son, Prince Tungi, who holds degrees in arts and law, was educated in Australia. Both have modern minds and are progressive and well-balanced in their views. The Tonga Islands consist of some 150 islands and islets in the South Pacific, to the east-south-east of Fiji. There are three main groups, Tongatapu, which was discovered by Tasman in 1643, in the south; Vava'u, in the north; and Ha'apai, in the centre. The country is rich in foodstuffs, coconuts, bananas, breadfruit,

(Continued below.)



ILLUSTRATING THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY IN THE TONGA ISLANDS: A BEACH VIEW. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARE DUE TO VISIT THE TONGA GROUP ON DECEMBER 19-20.



SHOWING THE POLICEMAN CONTROLLING THE TRAFFIC, STANDING UNDER A CANOPY IN THE CENTRE OF THE THOROUGHFARE: A STREET SCENE IN NUKUALOFA, THE CAPITAL OF TONGA, ON TONGATAPU ISLAND.



THE PALACE OF QUEEN SALOTE TUPOU, G.B.E., ON NUKUALOFA. HER MAJESTY WAS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE ROYAL VISITORS WHO CAME TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.



THE ROYAL CHAPEL, NUKUALOFA: QUEEN SALOTE, WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, VISITED THE H.Q. OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY WHEN IN ENGLAND AND SAW EARLY TONGA BIBLES.

Continued.

mangoes and sweet potatoes growing in abundance; and has of late enjoyed prosperity consequent on the big demand for copra, for making margarine and soap. Many of the amenities of the West, such as cars, radio, and so forth, are enjoyed, and Tonga has a European club, an Episcopal Cathedral and other important buildings. The more prosperous inhabitants and the few European Government officials, missionaries and traders



STARTING ON HER JOURNEY TO EUROPE FOR THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: QUEEN SALOTE, WITH (LEFT) HER ELDER SON, PRINCE TUNGI; AND JUST BEHIND HER, MR. WINDRUM, H.B.M. AGENT AND CONSUL.

live in attractive white wooden bungalows shaded by feathery palm-trees. The scenery is beautiful, and the sea beaches recall those of the Mediterranean; while the advanced system of social services is remarkable. Captain Cook visited the Tonga Islands and gave them the name of the Friendly Islands; and the ancient tortoise which he presented to one of Queen Salote's ancestors is still alive, and honoured by the name of *Tui* or *King*.

UNCOVERING THE OLDEST PALACE OF PHAISTOS: NEW LIGHT ON THE MINOAN CULTURES OF CRETE.

By DORO LEVI, Director of the Italian Archaeological School of Athens.

Editorial Note.—Owing to lack of space this article has been somewhat abridged, but all that relates to the illustrations chosen has been retained.

WE reported, in the issue of January 19, 1952, of *The Illustrated London News*, the renewal of digging activity by the Italian Archaeological School of Athens in the Minoan Palace of Phaistos, in Crete. The main purpose of the new excavations is the solution of a number of serious problems concerning the earliest periods of this superb prehistoric Palace (Fig. 1) and generally the beginning of Minoan civilisation and its chronology—on which the chronology of European pre-history as a whole depends.

These excavations centred almost exclusively on the south-eastern edge of the imposing "Theatre Courtyard," or Western Courtyard (Figs. 1 and 3). In this area our own digs, carried out with the greatest of care, have already brought to light what we may call a new quarter of the Palace, revealing to us its earliest phases, in a series of superimposed structures so far unknown in any Minoan palace of the island.

The great slowness and caution of our excavations was due first of all to the need of checking each minute detail which might help us in the solution of the problems that we had set as our main task; and secondly, to the most precarious state of preservation of the walls discovered. These highly perishable walls are built in the usual Minoan technique of small stones bound with earth, pierced in every direction by beams and splinters perhaps with an anti-seismic function; their surface is smoothed by a thick layer of plaster, full of straw, usually decorated with painted stucco. These walls were badly preserved, having partially collapsed because of earthquakes, fires and other disasters. The rooms of the damaged buildings, still containing their furniture and the debris fallen over them from the upper storeys (from which perhaps only the most precious metal objects were extracted), were filled with a concrete of lime and sherds, sometimes including entire small vases, in order to provide foundations for the new buildings. This concrete, hard as stone, and defying the steel picks of our workmen, nevertheless offered the unique advantage of preserving to us the underlying objects in perfectly sealed layers, about whose chronological sequence it is impossible to have any doubt. Therefore we have now, for the first time, the possibility of outlining the development of the earliest Minoan civilisation on purely stratigraphical, and not stylistic, grounds.

First result of the recent research is the confirmation of the three phases of the earliest Palace, all belonging to the period called Middle Minoan.

But, as we deepened our excavations, we met everywhere under the structures of the second phase those of the first one.

Room L. finally confirms one more of our statements: i.e., that we have not before us a superimposition of modest private houses, but rather of different phases of the First Palace. On the north section of the room the floor of the second phase has almost entirely disappeared, because the flow of concrete sank deeply into the empty space of a long corridor (Fig. 18) of the first phase, bordered on the south by a thick wall, on which, in fact, the fragments of the floor of the second phase rested and were partially preserved. This corridor was probably the entrance to the Palace of the earliest date, leading to the door of Room IL., also excavated. Its magnificent pavement of square gypsum slabs reveals this refined architectural technique at the very foundation of the Minoan palaces. The north wall has an indentation in the middle, and on its protruding western half rests the bench of the later building, whose wall was consequently straightened; but the later building must have cut the upper edge of the preceding ruinous structure, whose walls reach to-day only the height of about 7 ft. 2½ ins. A short way after the indentation, and just under the level of the second floor, a cupboard was set in the wall of the first structure (Figs. 18 and 19). Its original content was preserved almost intact, as it was left at the moment of the building's destruction. It consisted of a dozen vases in clay, stone and alabaster, big, small and even miniature ones. Some of the clay

vases display rare patterns in the most lively colours (Figs. 4 and 5).

One of the greatest surprises was offered us by the excavation under the floor of the solemn Propylon (II.), which gives access to the First Palace from the Western Courtyard (Fig. 16). From between its huge limestone slabs, slightly sinking towards the floor's centre, before our dig, a big oval *pithos* peeped out. Because

of its waved, rope decoration, the excavators considered it a *pithos* of the Second Palace, buried in a cellar by the Greek inhabitants of the place who built their modest houses over the ruins of the Minoan Palace. A trial dig around the *pithos* would have suggested that nothing existed under the floor, excepting some stone foundations under the column's stylobate (Fig. 16). Our diggings, however, have

some stratigraphic observations of the highest importance.

One dwelling level is determined by the threshold of a door opening on the west wall exactly under the Propylon's column, 4 ft. 5 ins. from the slabbed pavement (Fig. 17). A filling of earth and small stones follows, down to the wall's indentation at 8 ft. 10 ins., then a thicker filling of bigger stones and less soil, which reaches a layer of pressed clay, looking like an inhabitation floor, on the east side of the room at 11 ft. 6 ins. At a depth of about 14 ft. 1 in. there is another paved floor consisting, on its southern section near to the wall, of large slabs, including a millstone; to the north it appears to be a floor of beaten earth and small stones. In all successive layers down to this level we found a great quantity of sherds. On top, the sherds of fine, Kamares pottery outnumber almost all the others; below, their percentage gradually diminishes, while the so-called Proto-Minoan classes—i.e., the monochrome white-on-dark and dark-on-light wares—become more and more frequent; at the bottom they are almost exclusive, except for a few

early polychrome fragments with brick-red, orange or wine-red decorations. In all layers numerous neolithic sherds were mixed with the others. Only one east-west trench has been cut so far in the middle of the room under the lower floor mentioned before, down to the natural rock, which lies here 17 ft. 8½ ins. below the Propylon's level. Here neolithic remains were found exclusively. But these "neolithic" ceramics show some characteristics, which seem directly to prelude the Middle-Minoan polychrome wares. Together with the sherds decorated with ribbed, incised or grooved patterns, there are others with a painted decoration in red ochre and white colour.

Other rooms, in the meantime, nevertheless offered us the clearest image of its two earliest phases, as well as the most luxurious and varied finds.

Rooms XXVII.-XXVIII., west of Room IL. (see Fig. 3), which in the final phase of this Palace were separated by the jambs of a regular door, formed previously a single large room, with a

partition in the middle of the south wall. An indentation of the walls marks here, as we have seen in Room IL., the level of the floor of the second phase. Here we found a perfectly preserved vase lying on its side on the floor, buried under the filling of concrete thrown over the ruins in order to build the structures of the third phase. The vase is a type of bellied *hydria*, with a spout on the shoulder and three low feet under the flat base (Fig. 7). Proceeding toward the east corner of the same wall, we found another, much more imposing vase, also intact: a big *pithos*, with a polychrome decoration of spirals within discs (Fig. 13), which is perhaps the best specimen of this category in Kamares ware. Going deeper, to the bottom of the first phase of the Palace, we found in the same corner far below the *pithos* a quantity of other pots *in situ*, some of which were kept inside a kind of repository formed by upright standing stone slabs. Even more numerous were the vases, numbering about 100 in all, mostly in terra-cotta but some in alabaster and stone, which were left on the ground of the western half of the room (XXVII.). From among all these vases we only mention two lovely cups (Fig. 8), which were found spread around the room in diminutive fragments, but which now represent the finest examples of their class, by their extreme, metallic thinness, called "egg-shell ware."

In Room LI., south of Room XXVII., there is preserved near the north wall of its second phase a stuccoed bench, reaching to a cupboard or niche in the best corner (Fig. 20). All the room's stores were laid on the bench, in the place where they were caught by the ruin of the Palace. We see two small, bellied *pithoi*—one still with its flat cover—having partially slipped out of the niche on to the bench; further to the right a roundish *stamnos* (Figs. 20 and 21); with a rope decoration around the neck, a small dish and an alabaster jug. On the east corner another, egg-shaped, *stamnos* lies on one side, and between the

two there is a whole group of well-preserved vases, among which rises a magnificent stand (Fig. 12). It is pierced by a vertical hole, and decorated with a luxurious and original polychrome decoration, as well as by relief patterns on the foot and a ring of leaves—similar to the Hellenic *kyma*—around the rim. Originally on this stand rested, in all likelihood, a big ovoid vase (Figs. 14 and 15), the fragments of which were found near its foot. We see on Fig. 21 an egg-shaped protruberance, all pierced by small holes (see Fig. 14), which rises from its open base: it was probably an incense-burner, and the incense or the odorous smoke could pass from the stand through the holes, and then could spread from the upper vase's mouth.

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 1. THE THEATRE COURTYARD OF PHAISTOS. IN FRONT, THE STEPS OF THE THEATRE; IN THE CENTRE, THE FAÇADE OF THE FIRST PALACE, WITH A BASE OF ORTHOSTATES; LEFT BACKGROUND, THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE PROPYLON OF THE SECOND PALACE, WITH, RIGHT, ITS FAÇADE. THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS LIE TO THE RIGHT OF THE RIGHT CORNER OF THE FAÇADE OF THE FIRST PALACE.



FIG. 2. EVIDENCE THAT LINEAR WRITING IN CRETE GOES BACK TO ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C. CENTRE TOP, AN INCISED TABLET WITH, TO THE RIGHT OF IT, AN EARLY SEAL IN STEATITE; AND A NUMBER OF CLAY SEAL IMPRESSIONS. ALL DATE FROM THE EARLIEST PHASES OF ROOMS LI. AND XXVIII.

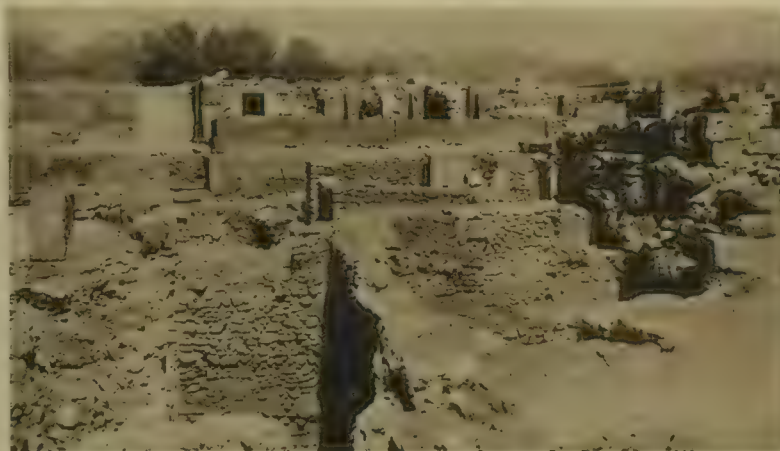


FIG. 3. A GENERAL VIEW OF PART OF THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS. ON THE LEFT THE WALLS OF ROOM IL.; TO THE RIGHT ROOMS XXVII.-XXVIII. PARTS OF ROOMS LI. AND LII. ARE ALSO VISIBLE. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE STAIRCASE LEADING FROM THE UPPER COURTYARD TO THE THEATRE COURTYARD. (FIG. 1.)

brought to light, under the whole perimeter of the room, the most imposing, massive walls so far discovered in Phaistos (Fig. 17). We have not yet been able to find the north limit of the wide room enclosed by them, although we have reached the raised side-walk in regular, rectangular slabs leading from the west to the Central Courtyard. Within this room we didn't find the filling of solid concrete, nor the remains of stucco pavements, which elsewhere enabled us to determine with assurance the successive destructions and reconstructions of our building. Under the slab floor we found—as we have seen before in the area west of Room IL.—a filling of earth which has offered us, however,



FIG. 4. A POLYCHROME JUG IN LIVELY COLOURS—ONE OF THE GROUP OF POTS FOUND IN THE CUPBOARD IN THE WALL OF ROOM L. (FIGS. 18 AND 19). SEE ALSO FIG. 5.



FIG. 5. A SMALL AND ELEGANT POLYCHROME VASE FROM THE GROUP FOUND IN THE CUPBOARD OF ROOM L. THE PATTERNS OF THIS GROUP INCLUDED SOME VERY RARE ONES.



FIG. 6. A CURIOUS AND INTERESTING BIRD-SHAPED POLYCHROME VASE, FOUND IN A CORRIDOR (LII), WHICH WAS PROBABLY THE ENTRANCE TO THE SECOND-PHASE PALACE.



FIG. 7. A LARGE SPOUTED HYDRIA, OR WATER-JUG, WHICH WAS FOUND INTACT UNDER A FILLING OF CONCRETE POURED AS A THIRD-PHASE FOUNDATION.

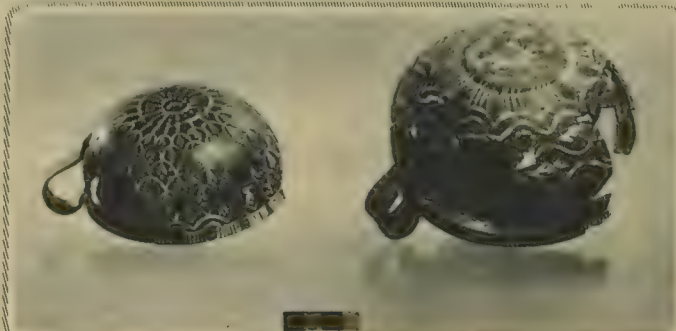


FIG. 8. TWO LOVELY CUPS OF THAT METALLIC THINNESS WHICH IS CALLED "EGG-SHELL WARE": RECONSTRUCTED FROM FRAGMENTS FOUND IN ROOM XXVIII.

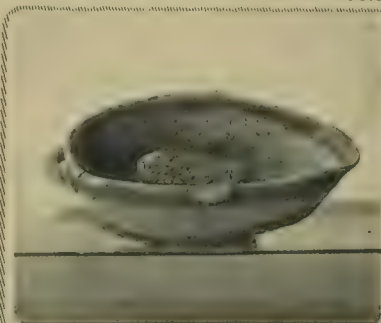


FIG. 9. AN OVAL VESSEL CONTAINING A BOSS OF ROUGHENED TERRA-COTTA USED AS A GRATER, AND SOMEWHAT RECALLING A MODERN LEMON-SQUEEZER. FOUND ON THE STUCCO CONSOLE IN ROOM LII, BELONGING TO THE FIRST PHASE.



FIG. 10. A BIGGISH CYLINDRICAL "TUMBLER," FOUND IN ROOM LII, WHICH WAS PRESUMABLY USED AS A "DICE-BOX" SINCE IT CONTAINED THE ITEMS OF FIG. 11.



FIG. 12. A MAGNIFICENT STAND, DECORATED IN POLYCHROME AND RELIEF, AND PROBABLY USED WITH THE INCENSE BURNER (FIGS. 14 AND 15).



FIG. 13. A BIG PITHOS WITH A POLYCHROME DECORATION OF SPIRALS. FOUND INTACT AND PERHAPS THE BEST SPECIMEN OF ITS KIND IN KAMARES WARE.

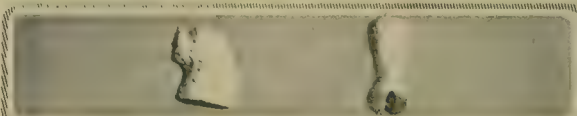


FIG. 11. A TINY LION-HEAD AND AN OX-HOOF MADE IN IVORY, FOUND WITH A SMALL DOTTED IVORY DISC IN THE "DICE-BOX" SHOWN IN FIG. 10.

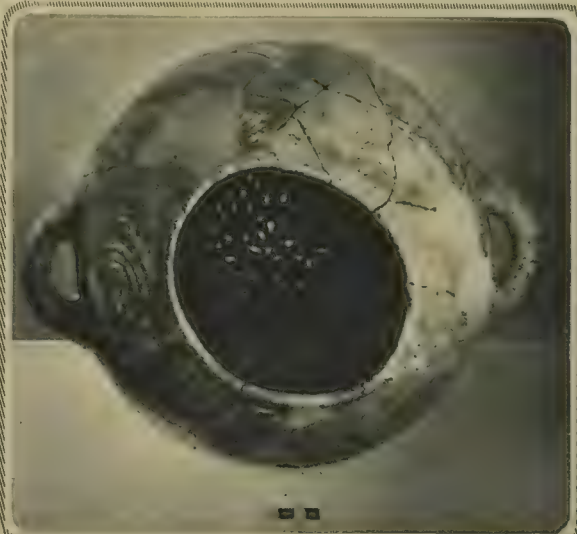


FIG. 14. THE "INCENSE BURNER" OF FIG. 15 TILTED TO SHOW THE PIERCED BASE. THIS WAS FOUND IN THE GROUP SHOWN IN FIGS. 20 AND 21.



FIG. 15. THE SIDE VIEW OF THE "INCENSE BURNER" (FIG. 14). THIS WAS USED, IT IS THOUGHT, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE STAND SHOWN IN FIG. 12.

"INCENSE BURNERS" AND "DICE-BOXES"; AND MINOAN POTTERY FROM THE LOWEST LEVELS OF THE PHAISTOS PALACES.

Continued.

The same level has given us other rich finds near the opposite, south wall. The games played in the princely Palace are represented by a big cylindrical tumbler (Fig. 10), found near the east corner of the room. It contained a kind of dice—i.e., a small ivory disc with the number indicated by inlaid silver dots, as well as two probable chess-pawns, in the shape of a small lion head and an ox-hoof, both also in ivory (Fig. 11). Room LII, in its earliest phase had no bench, but, instead, two consoles, along the whole north and south walls, at the height of a

man, and at about the height of the door's architraves. The consoles were also in stucco, framed with wood. Several objects were found lying on them—e.g., on the north one a terra-cotta grater, in a boat-like shape, with the scraping boss inside (Fig. 9). At the foot of the console near the room's stuccoed floor some other objects were found, of the greatest importance for the dating of the earliest stage of the Phaistos Palace. They consist of eight (and a fragment of a ninth) clay seal-imprints (Fig. 2), used to seal writings and documents. Most of them

[Continued opposite.]

PALACE UPON PALACE REVEALED AT MINOAN PHAISTOS, IN CRETE.



FIG. 16. PROPYLON II, THE APPROACH TO THE FIRST PALACE FROM THE WESTERN COURTYARD—BEFORE THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND IS THE BASE OF A PILLAR (SEE ALSO FIG. 17) AND BEHIND IT (LEFT) THE MOUTH OF A BURIED PITHOS BETWEEN THE PAVEMENT SLABS.



FIG. 17. AFTER EXCAVATION—BELOW THE PAVEMENT OF PROPYLON II. (FIG. 16). THE PILLAR-BASE CAN BE SEEN AT THE TOP, WITH, BELOW IT, THE FILLED-IN DOOR IN THE MASSIVE WALL REVEALED.



FIG. 18. ROOM L., OF THE FIRST PERIOD, WITH A GYPSUM PAVEMENT AND, AT BACK, A DOORWAY LEADING TO ROOM II. IN THE LEFT WALL THE CUPBOARD SHOWN IN FIG. 19, EMPTIED OF ITS CONTENTS, BUT STILL UNRESTORED.

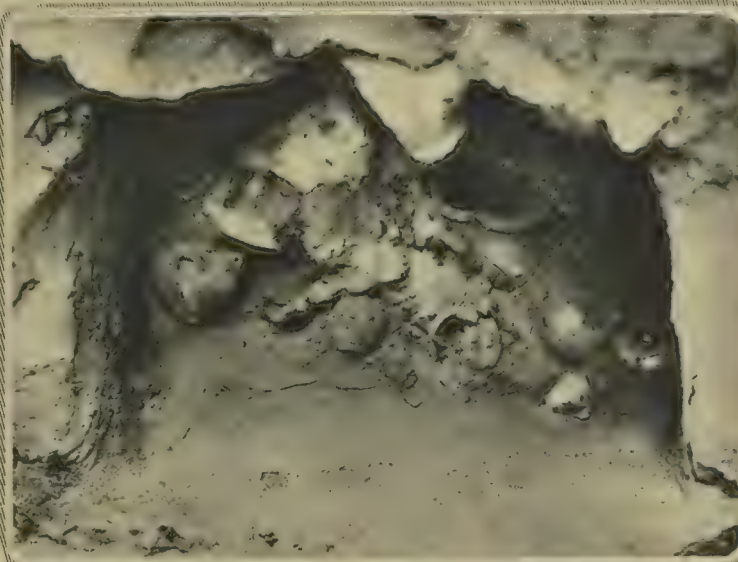


FIG. 19. THE WALL CUPBOARD OF ROOM L. (FIG. 18) WITH ITS CONTENTS AS FOUND. THE VASES, ABOUT A DOZEN IN ALL, INCLUDED FIGS. 4 AND 5, AND EXAMPLES, SOME MINIATURES, IN POTTERY AND ALABASTER.



FIG. 20. THE STORES OF ROOM LI. (OF THE SECOND PHASE) AS THEY WERE CAUGHT BY THE DISASTER WHICH OVERTOOK THE PALACE. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THE REMARKABLE STAND OF FIG. 12; AND LEFT, A ROUND STAMNOS WITH A RAISED ROPE PATTERN.

Continued.

are in the shape of terra-cotta roundels, bearing along the edge one or more imprints of the seal, and on both round surfaces a few letters of the Minoan alphabet. The patterns of the seals belong to a well-known category, originally derived from the Egyptian scarab—or button-shaped seals of the XIIIth Dynasty. They include, as well as leaves, spirals and scrolls, patterns derived from the *waz* motive, or sacred papyrus stem, the *ankh*, or "life" sign, the *nefer* sign, and so on. The letters in their turn, incised



FIG. 21. ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GROUP OF POTTERY SHOWN IN FIG. 20 AFTER THE REMOVAL OF CERTAIN POTS. A FRAGMENT OF THE BASE OF THE STAND CAN BE SEEN AND PART OF THE INCENSE-BURNING APPARATUS.

on our sealings, as well as those incised on a clay tablet (Fig. 2) found at the same level within a vase from Room XXVIII. (by the way, one of the very few inscribed tablets from Phaistos), have revealed to us that the invention of linear writing goes back in Crete not to the foundation of the Second Palaces, as it was believed until now, but to a much earlier date, the very beginning of the First Palaces—i.e., about the beginning of the Second Millennium B.C.

LENT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION:
FAMED WORKS FROM ANTWERP AND BRUSSELS.



"THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS"; BY THE MASTER OF HOOGSTRATEN (SIXTEENTH CENTURY):
ON VIEW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH ART.
(Panel; Centre, 33 by 28½ ins. Wings, 33 by 12½ ins. each.) (Lent by the Musée Mayer van den Bergh, Antwerp.)



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH DONORS"; BY THE MASTER OF THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA.
Dated 1486. (Panel; Wings, 11 by 8 ins. each.) (Lent by the Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp.)



"THE FALL OF ICARUS"; BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (1525?-1569). A LANDSCAPE OF GREAT
BEAUTY WITH FIGURES, ICARUS MERELY BEING SHOWN FALLING INTO THE SEA, BOTTOM RIGHT.
(Canvas; 28½ by 44½ ins.) (Lent by the Musées Royaux des Beaux-Arts de Belgique, Brussels.)

In our last week's issue we published a selection of works from collections in this country lent to the great Exhibition of Flemish Art at the Royal Academy Galleries, Burlington House, which opened on December 5 and will continue throughout the winter months. On this and the facing page we reproduce some of the world-famous paintings generously lent to the Exhibition from public and private collections on the Continent. The "Master of the Legend of St. Ursula" is an unidentified painter who derives his title from the series of paintings of the Life of St. Ursula by his hand which are now in the Sœurs Noires Convent, Bruges.



"A DONOR AND HIS WIFE"; BY JEAN GOSSART, CALLED MABUSE
(c. 1472-1536). AN EXAMPLE OF SUPERB FLEMISH PORTRAITURE.
(Panel; Two wings, 27 by 9 ins. each.) (Lent by the Musées Royaux des Beaux-Arts, Brussels.)



"THE MAGDALEN"; BY QUENTIN MATSYS (1466-1530). THE ARCHITECTURAL AND LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND IS OF OUTSTANDING BEAUTY.
(Panel; 18 by 11½ ins.) (Lent by the Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp.)

"The Fall of Icarus," by Pieter Brueghel, the Elder, lent from Brussels, is a celebrated painting. It does not resemble the other works of this remarkable Flemish genius, and it may be recalled that Roger Fry suggested a reason for this. "It seems to me," he wrote, "that this picture is the record of Brueghel's response to some moment of lyrical exaltation when the Mediterranean first flashed on his astonished gaze as he made his way down the Alps." Brueghel, like many other painters of the Low Countries, visited Italy in the mid-sixteenth century and travelled considerably, being particularly interested and impressed by the wild and romantic regions of the Alps. Superb portraiture is one of the glories of the Flemish painters, and it is illustrated to the full in the "Donor and his Wife" by Jean Gossart, called Mabuse, which we reproduce. The tenderness and charm of Quentin Matsys is well seen in his "Magdalen," lent from Antwerp, while his gifts as a painter of materials, architecture and landscape are also displayed in the background and the details of the Saint's dress.

FLEMISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: EXHIBITS FROM THE CONTINENT.



"THE PRODIGAL SON"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640), ONE OF THE IMPORTANT LOANS FROM BELGIUM TO THE EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY GALLERIES, BURLINGTON HOUSE. (Panel; 42 by 61 ins.) (Lent by the Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp.)



"ST. JOHN WRITING HIS GOSPEL"; BY DIRK BOUTS (1415?-1475), WHO WORKED CHIEFLY IN LOUVAIN. (Panel; 27 by 25 ins.) (Lent by the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, Holland.)



"A MONK OF THE ORDER OF ST. NORBERT"; BY HANS MEMLING (1435?-1494). (Panel; 15 by 9 ins. Arched top.) (Lent by the Koninklijk Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Antwerp.)



"THE MADONNA WITH ST. MICHAEL AND A DONOR"; BY THE MASTER OF THE ST. URSULA LEGEND (LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY). (Panel; 17 by 12½ ins.) (Lent from a private collection, Rome.)



"GEORGE, BARON HASTINGS AND COUNT OF HUNTINGDON"; BY AMBROSIUS BENSON (D. 1550). (Panel; 16½ by 13½ ins.) (Lent by the Musées Royaux des Beaux-Arts de Belgique, Brussels.)



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN"; BY THE ANTWERP MASTER. DATED 1564. (Panel; 29½ by 22½ ins.) (Lent by the Musées Royaux des Beaux-Arts, Brussels.)



"A YOUNG BOY STANDING"; BY CORNELIS DE VOS (1585-1651). (Panel; 48 by 37½ ins.) (Lent by the Musée Mayer van den Bergh, Antwerp.)



"A LITTLE GIRL SEATED"; BY CORNELIS DE VOS (1585-1651). (Panel; 48 by 37½ ins.) (Lent by the Musée Mayer van den Bergh, Antwerp.)

The Exhibition of Flemish Art, which opened on December 5 at the Royal Academy Galleries at Burlington House, consists of a magnificent assembly of paintings, drawings and illuminated manuscripts illustrating the development of the great school of Flemish painting from the fifteenth century. Beginning with the naïve and appealing religious art of Van Eyck, Roger van der Weyden, Dirk Bouts and other early masters, the glorious story is unrolled

through the sixteenth century and reaches the worldly glories of the seventeenth with Sir Peter Paul Rubens' sumptuous landscapes and figure subjects; and the series of noble portraits which he and his compatriot, Sir Anthony van Dyck, painted in the service of our Stuart kings. In our last week's issue we reproduced a selection of loans from British collections, and here we show some of the masterpieces generously lent from collections on the Continent.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MERRY MONTH.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THEY call May the merry month, but I hardly think the West End's newest plays bear out that reputation. Each begins in May, one on a morning in Dorset, the other on an evening in Regent's Park. In the first, though early summer is blossoming, autumn crisps the air. In the second we move very wisely to autumn after the first act: personally, I think it should be mid-December, with a howling wind outside.

What are these plays? The first, which N. C. Hunter tries to persuade us is matter for a May morning, is called "A Day by the Sea" (Haymarket). Mr. Hunter, who had written some agreeable comedies earlier—"All Rights Reserved," for example, "Grouse in June" and "Smith in Arcady"—suddenly appeared during 1951 as an English Tchekhov. Parts of "Waters of the Moon," an under-valued play superbly acted, might almost have been pastiche. There is no harm in this if it is good pastiche. Its acting aside, "Waters of the Moon" had quality. I thought of it again at the Haymarket, when the people of "A Day by the Sea" were sitting in their Dorset garden, under the spreading oak, or at a picnic on the beach below, with its lunging groynes, chalky steeples in the background, and, behind all, the lap-and-wash of the tide.

"It is not kind," a drudging daughter had said in the early piece; "it is not kind to make us dream of waters of the moon, all sorts of happiness that are out of our reach." This longing for the unattainable, this feeling of frustration, this melancholy, now haunts the Dorset scene. "There's really no end to what we

Julian, it must be agreed, is something of an idealist. On this day by the sea he dreams of the waters of the moon. Far too late, he has felt (at first, no doubt, from a sense of duty) like resuming his twenty-year-old romance with a young widow. Nothing



"N. C. HUNTER'S LATEST, AND ABLE, TCHEHOVIAN PASTICHE IS SET ON THE DORSET COAST AND ACTED BY ONE OF THE MOST SURPRISING COMPANIES OF OUR TIME": "A DAY BY THE SEA" (HAYMARKET), SHOWING THE PICNIC SCENE ON THE BEACH IN ACT II, WITH (L. TO R.) FRANCES FARRAR (IRENE WORTH); TOBY EDDISON (PETER MURPHY); DOCTOR FARLEY (RALPH RICHARDSON); LAURA ANSON (SYBIL THORNDIKE); WILLIAM GREGSON (FREDERICK PIPER); ELINOR EDDISON (PATRICIA LAURENCE); MISS MATHIESON (MEGS JENKINS); JULIAN ANSON (JOHN GIELGUD); HUMPHREY CALDWELL (LOCKWOOD WEST) AND DAVID ANSON (LEWIS CASSON).

comes of it; but, then, in this play nothing ever comes of anything. His mother knows that, if Julian does not marry, all her work on the property will have been useless. The widowed Frances, after one failure in marriage, lacks the strength to try again. Julian's octogenarian uncle can hope only to sit in the shade. A run-to-seed doctor, there ostensibly to watch the old man, finds his own consolation in gin, though he is hypnotised—how Tchekhovian this is!—by long newspaper articles on subjects that to him are less than the dust. The governess longs, vainly, for marriage—her waters of the moon—and even the children, presently off to school in these early May days, have only a kind of end-of-the-term happiness, a sort of desperate enjoyment.

The interplay of these characters, either on the lawn or at a beach picnic, fills the entire evening. Mr. Hunter has no dramatic alarms. Julian rescues the children's kite, which has stuck half-way up a cliff, but that happens off-stage. And yet the night is by no means dull; we like to know these people, to speculate about them. And even if the author had failed to animate them, the cast would have been loyally life-saving. This cast is almost fantastically strong. I have spoken of Sir John Gielgud, who produces. Irene Worth is gently right as the widow; Sir Ralph Richardson, florid, moustached, and with a savage blazer, enjoys the soaking doctor who came for a week-end and who has been there seven years; Megs Jenkins is the thwarted governess; and, best of all maybe, there are Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike. The first acts with a sensitive truth as the sad old man who has outlived his world—he refuses to turn the part to easy senility. Dame Sybil governs the stage; she appears upon it like a freshening breeze, a light wind-scurry on a sultry day.

This may be a curiously undramatic, derivative piece—at one point even a girl on a swing is Tchekhovian—but its lingering tenderness can find the heart, and its humours are usually sure. It pairs with the other play: once again, as we sit

at the Haymarket, the scene around us "darkens with the days gone by."

May in Dorset is melancholy. May in Regent's Park is sinister. We have Emlyn Williams' word for it. "Someone Waiting," at the Globe, is one of his highly complex plays of suspense. We have to go where this dramatist calls. If we begin to question him too early, it is fatal. The only thing to do is to surrender to Mr. Williams (as it is so easy to surrender when he plays his own lead); and to accept the fact that the father of a son just hanged for murder—and, the father thinks, unjustly—can get a post as tutor in the very flat where the murder was committed. Why? To prove his son's innocence; to revenge himself upon the real murderer. Someone Waiting indeed.

When such a part as this is presented by Emlyn Williams, we know how sibilantly intense he will be, how the very air of the flat will seem to curdle. He has not written anything of quite the same intensity since "Night Must Fall." There was a head in a hatbox then. Now there is a corpse in a crate (but only—if the phrase is allowable—an incidental corpse). I cannot tell you what happens. As when speaking of Mrs. Christie's plays, I can merely indicate the atmosphere and leave it there. "Someone Waiting" has a sticky scene, an early crime-reconstruction that did not come to life at the première; but the second and third acts (by then we are well into September) do all they should, especially the last. Light thickens, and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood. No; not the right quotation. At the Globe I was thinking of Mr. Williams in two snatches from "Coriolanus." His stage-name, Fenn, is an obvious clue to the first—"I go alone, like to a lonely dragon that his fen makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen." And again: "His eye red as 'twould burn Rome." But not Rome: merely Regent's Park, for which Mr. Williams clearly has an affection. Adrienne Allen, John Stratton and Campbell Cotts help to keep us strained; and Gladys Henson cheerfully slackens the tension in a part (not really irrelevant) that the dramatist could hardly resist writing.

The month does not matter in "Othello." It can be January, July, December. The only thing that does matter is that here is one of the world's dozen



"WE HAVE TO GO WHERE THIS DRAMATIST CALLS. IF WE BEGIN TO QUESTION HIM TOO EARLY, IT IS FATAL": "SOMEONE WAITING"—A SCENE FROM THE EXCITING LAST ACT OF EMLYN WILLIAMS' PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) FENN (EMLYN WILLIAMS); MARTIN (JOHN STRATTON) AND VERA NEDLOW (ADRIANNE ALLEN).

might do," somebody observes. And there really is no end. They can go on thinking and hoping: no one will stop them, either on the beach or in the garden with the green velvet lawns, the oak, the portrait-bust, and a gracious old house surveying all (it is Felix Kelly's design), just as in another Haymarket play, a few years ago, the house dominated John Whiting's summer caprice, "A Penny for a Song." Dorset is a good ground now for the stage country-home. Laura Anson's cannot be far from Aston-Adey of the Champion-Cheneys ("The Circle"); and there were moments in "A Day by the Sea" when Sir John Gielgud's Julian Anson, a humourless diplomatist living on his nerves, seemed to have a certain affinity with a far more trying character, Arnold Champion-Cheney, M.P. Would they have spoken the same language at times or was I deceived by Sir John's way of finding humour in these grimly serious, self-consciously rigid men of affairs?



ONE OF EMLYN WILLIAMS' "HIGHLY COMPLEX PLAYS OF SUSPENSE": "SOMEONE WAITING" (GLOBE), A SCENE FROM ACT II, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MISS LENNIE (DOROTHY BAIRD); MARTIN (JOHN STRATTON); JOHN NEDLOW (CAMPBELL COTTS) AND HILDA (GABRIELLE BRUNE).

major plays. Perilous mountaineering for a schoolboy company; but, remember, this is Sloane School, and the producer is Guy Boas. Once more we have a night remarkable for its naturalness and lucidity. I gather that the Sloane Othello (J. H. Binfield) is, on other occasions, a wicket-keeper: he must be a noble one. I. M. Fraser, last year's Iachimo, is now the slithiest tove of all as Iago; and, in appearance, I. Clatworthy is a Desdemona to "paragon description and wild fame." We can say that at Sloane School the boat "sails freely, both with wind and stream" (something, alas, unlikely in the life of our latest stage Dorset).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"OTHELLO" (Sloane School).—Another of Mr. Boas's remarkable adventures with "schoolboy Shakespeare." (November 25.)

"SOMEONE WAITING" (Globe).—Emlyn Williams is waiting in the first act; and we know what that means when there is a suspense-play to follow. (November 25.)

"A DAY BY THE SEA" (Haymarket).—N. C. Hunter's latest, and able, Tchekhovian pastiche is set on the Dorset coast and acted by one of the most surprising companies of our time; Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir John Gielgud lead it as mother and diplomatist-son. (November 26.)

"DON PASQUALE" (Sadler's Wells).—A lively Donizetti revival. (November 26.)



A SUPERB BENIN BRONZE HEAD OF A QUEEN MOTHER, ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH THE FAMOUS BRITISH MUSEUM EXAMPLE.

This superb Benin bronze female head, which was offered for sale at Sotheby's on December 7, dates from the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century. It is usually described as the head of a Queen, but it is now stated in Benin that such heads represent Queen Mothers. A new King after his accession set the bust of the previous King in a special shrine. Some years after the accession the King's mother was designated Queen Mother and on her death her bust was placed in a special Queen Mothers' shrine. In 1897 Sir William Ingram, then Managing Director of *The Illustrated London News*, presented a bronze head from Benin to

the British Museum so closely similar to the example shown in our photograph that it seems certain that the two are by the same hand. If this is indeed so, it would appear that such Benin heads are not portraits as was previously argued from their highly naturalistic technique, but are idealisations of the ideas "King" and "Queen Mother"; and that therefore two "Queen Mothers" by the same Benin sculptor would as naturally resemble each other as would two Aphrodites by, say, Praxiteles. At the sale at Sotheby's the head we show fetched the price of £5500 and was purchased for the Nigerian Government.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THRUSH'S FEEDING PROBLEM.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A FRIEND, for whose abilities as a naturalist and observer I have a considerable respect, put it to me one day that he felt convinced that when song-thrushes turned the head sideways towards the ground they were listening for worms, not looking for them. A question asked is a challenge to find an answer, especially when that question is posed by someone who is not a novice. There are three ways of seeking an answer. The first is to look for someone who already knows it. The second is to search the written sources of information. And the third is to try to find out for oneself. It may be that the answer to this particular question is already known, even recorded in the literature. If so, I have not met it. But it seemed more worth while to pursue the third line of searching.

The first thing that strikes one is that a bird's brain is very much a visual brain, with the eyes as the dominant sense-organs. With a few exceptions, notably certain owls, there is no sign of external ears. Yet, according to J. Z. Young, in "The Life of the Vertebrates": "Hearing is, of course, acute, and the song birds must be able to discriminate between simple tunes. . . ." The chemical senses, notably smell and taste, can be tested with relative ease. Odours entering the nostrils are translated into an electrical stimulation of some part of the brain by impulses carried along the olfactory nerves. Such electrical activity can be measured, and by comparing its strength for different chemicals and in different species, some reliable deductions can be made on the use of the sense of smell. To a lesser degree, the use of sight can be assessed in a comparative way,

searching movement, which sometimes ends successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully. The important thing about it is, however, that although the eyes of a thrush are set well to each side of the head, so that

of turning the head to one side to concentrate one eye on an object. All the time I watched the thrushes feeding, I saw no sign of this, only of a third posture, that which gave the appearance of listening.

Earthworms, as we know, progress by means of wave-like movements passing along the length of the body. Through these the head end is extended forward and, being then anchored to the ground, the hind-part of the body is carried forward. This is an over-simplified description of a complicated process, but it will serve. The anchoring is by pairs of short bristles set at right-angles to the body wall in series along both sides of the body. They can be felt by passing a worm backwards through the fingers. Their faint scratchings can be heard under certain circumstances, as when a worm moves among dried leaves. They can, be heard, then, faintly and by putting the ear close to the leaves. This method of progression, using the peristaltic waves of the muscular body wall combined with the anchoring effect of the bristles, is employed by earthworms whether moving over the surface of the ground among dead leaves, or up and down the vertical burrows in the ground. On all such occasions there must be more or less scratching of the bristles to be heard, fainter in damp earth than in dry earth, and fainter in dry earth than among dry leaves.

The thrush's eye will perceive sometimes a worm on the surface, sometimes the front end of the body protruding slightly from the burrow, sometimes the front end just visible within the mouth of the burrow. And there must be occasions when, as the thrush stands immobile and alert, a worm is ascending the burrow, as yet unseen, but approaching the surface. Then, to the keen ear, the sound of its bristles scraping the sides of the burrow would be perceptible.

I have tried to put myself in the place of a thrush by watching at close range the surface of the lawn, or by putting my ear close to the ground to listen for sounds of the bristles. A thrush has not my advantage of binocular vision. It also lacks my advantage of having an external flap to the ear to collect the sound-waves and pass them on in a concentrated form to the



IN THE CROUCHING POSTURE OF WATCHFULNESS WHEN FEEDING AMONG GRASS: A SONG-THRUSH WHOSE EYES, PLACED ON THE SIDES OF THE HEAD, PRESUMABLY GIVE WIDE ANGLES OF VISION. THE HEAD IS HELD LOW, BUT IS NOT TURNED AT AN ANGLE TO THE BODY.

there can be little of binocular vision, they are efficient for their purpose. It looks as though, being so placed, a wide field can be surveyed without perceptible movement of the head, the eyes being incapable of independent movement, yet giving sufficient precision to guide the beak on to the target.

The use of sight was further demonstrated on several occasions, starting from the erect posture. With the body and head held well up, and the beak tilted upwards, a thrush would stand thus immobile and suddenly run forward a few inches and drive the beak at the ground. The field-glasses showed that it had an insect, sometimes a small worm, in the beak. Even more striking were the occasions when, after standing immobile in this erect posture for a while, the bird would suddenly jump to face about and, without a pause, run for a foot or more to peck at the ground, retrieving usually an insect or a grub.

The whole question of the use of sight in feeding is, of course, not settled in these few observations. The only purpose of setting them down in this way is to emphasise not only the apparent acuteness of the bird's sight, and the efficiency of the laterally placed eyes for covering the wide area needed in such

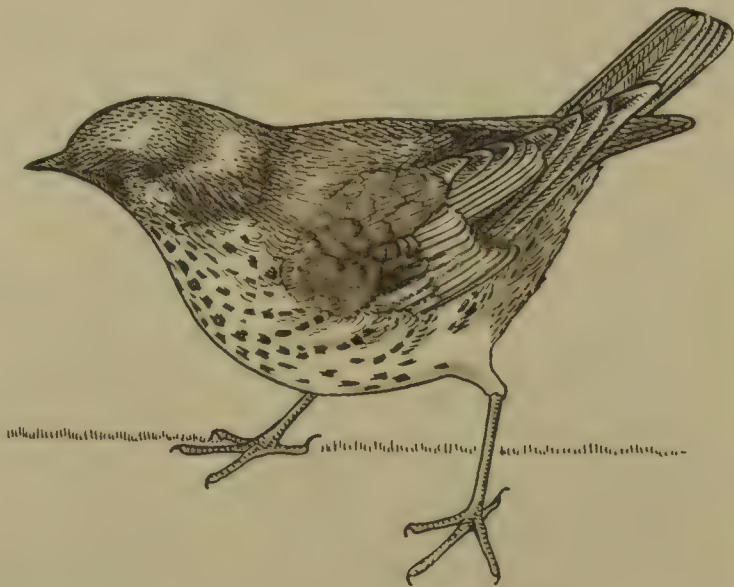
searching, but also to contrast these with what follows later. One can recall, meanwhile, occasions when it seems that birds have a characteristic trick



GIVING APPARENTLY THE DISTANT VIEW: THE ERECT POSTURE OF WATCHFULNESS—IT IS FROM THIS POSITION THAT THE THRUSH WILL SUDDENLY RUN FORWARDS, SIDEWAYS OR ROUND-ABOUT-FACE TO SEIZE EVEN MINUTE PREY.

and hearing also, but with less reliable results. Under the circumstances empirical, or rule-of-thumb methods, are as likely to provide an answer as anything else.

After watching thrushes feeding on the lawn for long periods, it seems that the turning of the head in an attitude of apparent listening takes place for every dozen or so times that an item of food is taken by straightforward visual searching. In other words, the eyes mainly are used in the search for food. Moreover, the posture adopted at such times conforms usually to two types, the crouch and the erect. In the crouching posture, the beak may be directed horizontally forward, or it may be pointed at varying angles towards the ground, but always with the head in the normal position relatively to the body. That is to say, it is not cocked to one side. The crouching posture is held for a limited period, and may or may not end in a downward peck. In other words, it is a



WITH THE EYES PROBABLY STILL IN ACTION BUT SUBORDINATED TO THE EAR: THE LISTENING POSTURE EMPLOYED, WE MAY PRESUME, TO DETECT WORMS, OR POSSIBLY INSECT GRUBS, MOVING BELOW THE SURFACE. (From the drawings by Jane Burton.)

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ear-drum for transmission to the inner ear, the true organ of hearing. Yet comparing my success in seeing or hearing with that of a thrush, judged by watching it feeding, I see less and hear less. If, therefore, what I take to be the listening posture of a thrush is, indeed, an act of hearing, then it must be presumed that the bird's success in listening, despite the absence of an external ear-flap, must be greater than mine, for certain sounds. So I quote once more from J. Z. Young: "Birds are known to be sensitive to distant gunfire and other low-frequency vibrations inaudible to man." This, and the general attitude seen in what I have called the listening posture, makes me agree with my naturalist friend.



THE OPENING OF THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT: FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM ENTERING PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA, FOLLOWED BY LADY SLIM

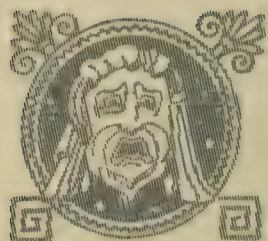


SIR WILLIAM SLIM READING THE OPENING SPEECH. ON HIS RIGHT HAND THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE. IN THE MIDDLE, FAR SIDE OF THE CENTRAL TABLE, MR. MENZIES.

THE TASK WHICH WILL NEXT BE PERFORMED BY HER MAJESTY: SIR WILLIAM SLIM OPENING THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

On November 10 Field Marshal Sir William Slim, the Governor-General of Australia, opened the second session of the twentieth Commonwealth Parliament at Canberra. This session was to last only about four weeks, and to be then prorogued in order to permit of the opening of the third session by her Majesty in February. In his Speech at the ceremony, Sir William Slim referred to the coming Royal visit, and said that the devotion

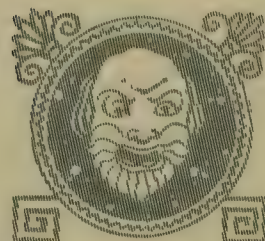
of Australians to the Throne was deep and warm, as had been shown by word and deed during peace and war. The principal measure to be considered during the short session was the National Health Service Bill; and reference was also made in the Speech to immigration and to the rapid progress being made in the Rum Jungle uranium mine—which, it was expected, would be in production by the middle of 1954.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE SCOPE OF CINEMA.

By PETER FORSTER.



THE origin of the title to this article is not far to seek. The showing of the new film "The Robe" is giving the public its first chance to judge the new process of presentation called CinemaScope; and I suggest that the occasion does indeed call for some degree of stocktaking in the matter of the cinema's scope.

Is the medium of the film an art?

In so far as there are true artists working in it, yes. I have always thought that to consider Art as an abstract is a misleading fault of emphasis; art, surely, is simply the work of artists. From which it follows that the introduction of CinemaScope, with its immensely wide, curved screen, which gives a three-dimensional effect without the audience wearing spectacles, does not make the medium more or less of an art, any more than a new form of writing machine would raise the level of the novel, or a superior sort of canvas constitute an advance in painting. How far CinemaScope produces work of high artistic quality depends solely on how, and by whom, it is handled.

But does it add to the artistic potentialities? And here I venture to fly in the face of many respect-worthy opinions, and assert wholeheartedly that it does. With the details of its financial effect upon the film and television industries, I would not be concerned even if I understood them. The business of the critic on this issue is to consider how far it will help or hinder the artists at work in the film industry. To vary Cyril Connolly's dictum about books: "The true function of a film-producer is to produce a masterpiece." Will CinemaScope help him?

The first advantage lies surely in vastly increased realism; these are not photographs, but real people and places. And because of this it seems to me that, at best, a great actor like Sir Laurence Olivier may now feel able to project an all-out Shakespearean performance in a way that would tend to shatter the

gave promise that newsreels, and musicals and travel films will also benefit enormously. Indeed, the trouble is that "The Robe" is a rather dull film ushering in a most exciting new development, of whose possibilities it gives only a partial view. The Hollywood-Biblical is a *genre* for which I do not much

heard has changed my opinion that in the long run CinemaScope will add to the scope of the cinema, rather than detract from it, just as did the introduction of sound twenty years ago. "The Robe" is no more the last word in CinemaScope than "The Jazz Singer" was in talkies, but the novelty it introduces will be just as far-reaching in effect.

One *canard* being spread around by judges who should know better is that CinemaScope will not replace the basic principles of acting and story-telling: as if it claimed to! At most, it may in some ways hope to enhance the ancient virtues. But it is true that in their understandable preoccupation with the novelty, film-makers should remember those canons which, if not observed, will cause a film to fail even if the audience itself is enrolled in the action. Two other new films serve to emphasise this.

"The Actress" is by Ruth Gordon, the witty wife of another witty playwright, Garson Kanin (together they wrote "Born Yesterday"), and it is hardly more than a photographed and filled-out version of her Broadway success describing the trials of a girl who wants to be an actress, in a respectable, poor family near Boston forty years ago. It is simple fare, yet deceptively skilful in the way the Jones family atmosphere is affectionately conveyed. Entrances and exits are disarmingly contrived, we are made gently to laugh, and our hearts are gently touched. Jean Simmons is far happier with the stage-

struck adolescent than with the other film's high-born Roman; Teresa Wright dissembles her natural charm to play the mother; and the familiar, brusque and craggy charm of Spencer Tracy can hardly go wrong in the beautifully written part of the father.

But if "The Actress" serves to remind CinemaScope of the advantages of dramatic construction, a new film from France, "Les Vacances de M. Hulot" (Curzon), virtually cocks a snook at the new process by reminding us that there is still a great deal to be said for the technique of silent films. I hasten to add that it is not a silent film; there is some dialogue, mostly dubbed into English, and some riotous sound effects. But the central character, played by Jacques Tati (who is his own director and writer), does not speak, and it is with his antics that the film is concerned. The story is scrappy, almost non-existent; simply the exploits of M. Tati by the seaside, combining indomitable comic dignity with an unfailing instinct for doing the wrong thing. Tall, stiff-legged, formal and full of himself, Tati puts one in mind of



"THE TRIALS OF A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE AN ACTRESS, IN A RESPECTABLE, POOR FAMILY NEAR BOSTON FORTY YEARS AGO": "THE ACTRESS" (THIS FILM ENDED ITS RUN AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, ON DECEMBER 2), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH RUTH GORDON JONES (JEAN SIMMONS) DEMONSTRATES TO HER MOTHER (TERESA WRIGHT) AND FATHER (SPENCER TRACY) HER ABILITY AS AN ACTRESS.

care. The strong religious cards are too easily dealt in order to cover up the deficiencies of a silly, semi-accurate story and tepid writing. Who, after all, will not be in some measure moved by a sincere reconstruction of Palm Sunday or the Crucifixion? But should such events really be invoked to add weight to a tale of a Roman tribune (Richard Burton) who goes mad after the Crucifixion, to the consternation of his Roman fiancée (Jean Simmons) and an absurdly unlikely version of the Emperor Tiberius (Ernest Thesiger)?

Mr. Burton does very well indeed, and lends force to my argument about acting under the new conditions. Indeed—if a digression may be allowed—he sent my mind back nearly ten years to a room in Oxford where a group of very shy undergraduates, most of them freshmen, were trying to organise the activities of an Experimental Theatre Club, and were startled by the eruption of a square-faced young Welshman who announced: "My name is Richard Burton! My father is P. H. Burton, the famous B.B.C. producer. I'll act in a play and I'll get him to help!" I remember the thought passing through my mind: "Anybody would think you were going to be an actor!" I also remember acting in a small play myself. I was an unqualified failure and so,

naturally, became a critic. But all this by the way. . . .

"The Robe" also indicates several drawbacks to CinemaScope. I think the screen is too wide, for figures at the side become elongated; it could be made less panoramic without loss. The focus of the camera is sometimes indistinct. And the new methods of sound-recording are far from satisfactory, especially the way in which the inevitable heavenly choir is made to come from the auditorium; it really is rather disconcerting, while dozing through a death scene, to be roused by a couple of soprano angels underneath one's seat!

But this is the first CinemaScope film, and we may reasonably expect many technical improvements. At present, cutting and close-ups and other essential devices in film-making are difficult to employ, but it is not to be thought that ingenuity will fail to find ways to bring them into play. Nothing I have read or



"IT IS SIMPLE FARE, YET DECEPTIVELY SKILFUL IN THE WAY THE JONES FAMILY ATMOSPHERE IS AFFECTIONATELY CONVEYED": "THE ACTRESS" (M.G.-M.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM, WITH (L. TO R.) CLINTON JONES (SPENCER TRACY), ANNIE JONES (TERESA WRIGHT) AND RUTH GORDON JONES (JEAN SIMMONS).

small, flat screen; and that at the least, it will result in a vastly improved general standard of acting, with far less of that slurred under-playing which can be disguised by director's tricks. It is, I admit, an illusion felt more by the audience than by the performers, who in a sense are now merely being photographed by a different kind of camera; but there will now be no substitute for acting. And to reason (as some have done) that the wide acreage of the screen makes it unfeasible to have scenes with only one or two people is surely mistaken: when Hamlet soliloquizes on the stage, do we expect the proscenium arch to shrink so that there shall be no space on either side of him? Or insist on the extras of Elsinore filling in the background?

Certainly crowd scenes and large-scale effects are now infinitely more large and vivid. Outdoor scenes especially gain; in "The Robe" there are some wonderful shots of a Capri headland, and of horses pulling a coach. And a CinemaScope demonstration which I was fortunate enough to see last summer



A NEW FILM FROM FRANCE IN WHICH "THE CENTRAL CHARACTER, PLAYED BY JACQUES TATI (WHO IS HIS OWN DIRECTOR AND WRITER), DOES NOT SPEAK": "LES VACANCES DE M. HULOT" (CURZON)—A SCENE SHOWING MONSIEUR HULOT (JACQUES TATI; RIGHT), WHOSE EXPLOITS BY THE SEASIDE ARE RECORDED IN THE FILM WHICH MR. FORSTER DESCRIBES AS BEING "AT ONCE WILDLY FUNNY AND ODDLY MOVING."

nothing so much as the idea of General de Gaulle gone mad; he is as French as the Eiffel Tower, which he also rather resembles. M. Tati is unendingly inventive, almost unendingly very, very funny. And between the comedy sequences he has interspersed some quite strikingly beautiful photography of a little Normandy *plage*. The result is a film at once wildly funny and oddly moving.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



VISITED BY PRESIDENT AURIOL: M. EDOUARD HERRIOT
(SITTING), WHO HAS ANNOUNCED HIS RETIREMENT.
On December 1 M. Edouard Herriot, who since 1947 has been President of the National Assembly and thus second in precedence to the President of the Republic, formally announced his intention of retiring from the front rank of public life. M. Herriot, who is eighty-one, is one of the most respected personalities in France.



POSTHUMOUSLY AWARDED THE V.C.: LIEUTENANT P. K. E. CURTIS.
The posthumous award of the Victoria Cross to Lieutenant Philip Kenneth Edward Curtis, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was announced on December 1. Lieutenant Curtis, who was twenty-four, was attached to The Gloucestershire Regiment. Although severely wounded, he insisted on again charging the enemy during the battle of the Imjin River in Korea in April 1951. When he was within a few yards of his objective, the enemy's position on "Castle Hill," he was killed by a burst of fire. The citation says: "Although the immediate objective of this counter-attack was not achieved, it had yet a great effect on the subsequent course of the battle," and goes on to describe Lieutenant Curtis's conduct as "magnificent throughout this bitter battle."



AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE: THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA
WITH MR. OLIVER LYTTELTON.
Mutesa II., the Kabaka of Buganda, who has been deposed by the British Government, arrived in London on December 1. On the following day he went to the Colonial Office to see Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, who, in his speech in the House of Commons later that day, said that the conversation "could not have been more friendly."



THE NEW COMMON SERJEANT:
MR. EDWARD A. HAWKE.
The Queen has appointed Mr. Edward Anthony Hawke, chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the County of London, to be Common Serjeant in the City of London in succession to Sir Hugh Beazley, who will retire on December 31. Mr. Hawke, who is fifty-eight, is the son of the late Mr. Justice Hawke.



AT THE SCALA THEATRE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH PLAYERS WHO
TOOK PART IN A PERFORMANCE OF "MARIE ANTOINETTE."
On December 2 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was present at a performance of "Marie Antoinette" at the Scala Theatre, given by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society in aid of King Edward VII's Hospital for Officers. The play was written by Mr. Henry Bernard.



ACTING PRIME MINISTER OF ISRAEL:
MR. MOSHE SHARETT.
Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Israeli Prime Minister, submitted his resignation to the President on December 7. The present Government is remaining in office in a caretaker capacity until a new Government has been formed, and Mr. Sharett, formerly Foreign Minister, is serving as Acting Prime Minister while retaining the Foreign Affairs portfolio.



A RECORD-BREAKING ATHLETE HONOURED:
GORDON PIRIE WITH HIS TROPHIES.
On December 5 Gordon Pirie, the record-breaking athlete, was presented with two trophies by the Amateur Athletic Association. He received the C. N. Jackson Memorial Cup (left) for the most outstanding athletic performance of the year; and the Harvey Memorial Cup.



IN LONDON: SIR EVELYN
BARING, GOVERNOR AND
C.-IN-C. OF KENYA.
Sir Evelyn Baring, the Governor of Kenya, arrived in this country on December 1 in response to an invitation from Mr. Lyttelton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to visit London for a few days for "general discussions on the present situation in Kenya."



DIED ON DECEMBER 4:
MR. NOEL MEWTON-WOOD.
Mr. Noel Mewton-Wood, the gifted Australian pianist who was an outstanding interpreter of contemporary English music, died in London recently at the age of thirty-one. He came to England at the age of fourteen and made his London debut in 1940 with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 30:
THE MOST REV. JOSEPH
MASTERSON.
The Most Rev. Joseph Masterson, who had been Roman Catholic Archbishop of Birmingham since 1947, died recently aged fifty-four. Ordained in 1924, he was appointed Vicar-General of Salford and Rector of St. Mary's, Levenshulme, Manchester, in 1939.



VISITING SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL:
THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.
The Duke and Duchess of Windsor left London by train on December 6 to return to France, after a short visit to this country. On December 1 the Duke of Windsor spent half an hour with Sir Winston Churchill at No. 10, Downing Street, where this photograph was taken.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BATTLES LONG AGO.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Philadelphia had taken Sir William Howe." And so indeed it turned out, thanks to the skill, wisdom and patience of Washington, the refusal of his people to accept defeat and the lethargy and bad management of the Government at home. However, that is being wise after the event.

The next episode occurred on October 3, the hard-fought action at Germantown, fought in a fog and in great confusion, in the hope of freeing the capital—a soldier's battle, with heavy losses on both sides. The attack failed and the Republicans withdrew. It is this affair which is the subject of Fig. 2. The drawing of the Paoli Tavern affair calls for little comment—a confused and nasty scrap among the camp fires, with the attackers using the bayonet and the butt-ends of their muskets and not firing. The Germantown battle scene does require some explanation

pivot of the fight, for the English shut themselves up in it and defended it against all comers. The noise of the bombardment, writes Trevelyan, "exerted a fatal attraction over those American generals and colonels who were painfully and blindly groping their passage through the fog. . . . Before long three thousand Republicans were clustered and intermingled around the British stronghold and Musgrave's seven score musketeers, like the Guardsmen at Hougomont, performed the inestimable service of detaining and paralysing, through the critical hours of a disputed day, a hostile force enormously out of proportion to their scanty numbers."

In addition to what we may call the tactical interest of these two drawings, there is the further point of the light they throw upon the military uniforms of the period, a subject upon which my ignorance is

THE nature of man being what it is, every nation is liable to preen itself upon the wars from which it emerged victorious, and to say very little—or not much—about those which ended in disaster, which is why the names of the various actions in the American War of Independence are household words across the Atlantic, even those of the early months, in which the Republican forces suffered so many setbacks, including the loss of Philadelphia; and are far less familiar in these islands. Indeed, I have to confess, not without shame, that it was necessary for me to consult authority (for example, Sir George Otto Trevelyan's "The American Revolution") before I was in a position to comment upon the two gouache drawings reproduced on this page, which are records of two stirring episodes in the whole lamentable story of this most unnecessary war. They are records of the actions at the Paoli Tavern and at Germantown (two places which are presumably well known to every American infant), and are historical documents of more than usual interest because, so I am informed, there appears to be no other visual record of these events.

I use the term "historical documents" advisedly, because I don't suppose anyone will claim them as superlative works of art; they are competent and slightly romantic reconstructions worked up from the notes and memories of an eye-witness. They agree in all essentials with what is known of the battles from literary sources (diaries and reports), and though in one or two details, as will presently appear, they seem to be slightly off the target, those mistakes are just those faults of memory which are liable to happen to any man in the heat of action. Who that eye-witness was nobody knows. It is unlikely that he was the Neapolitan artist Xavier Della Gatta himself; it is more in keeping with the normal course of events to suppose that some English officer who played a part in both actions made rough sketches at the time, and employed Della Gatta to put them into presentable form five years later—i.e., in 1782, the date which appears on Fig. 1. Whoever commissioned the drawings might have been influenced by the painter's experience in depicting night scenes, with Vesuvius in eruption, for one of them is of a night attack.

Incidentally, these two actions appear to have been the last in which the Royal troops achieved any substantial success. On the night of September 20, 1777, General Wayne's forces were encamped around the Paoli Tavern, a few miles from Philadelphia, with the intention of taking Sir William Howe's troops unawares and so saving the city. But General Grey, ordering his men to remove the flints from their muskets (for which he became known in the Army as "No-flint Grey"), surprised the camp in the darkness and put Wayne's men to flight. On the 26th, Sir William Howe made his formal entry into what was then the capital city, while far away in Paris Benjamin Franklin explained to the French Government that "instead of saying Sir William Howe had taken Philadelphia, it would be more proper to say



FIG. 2. "THE ACTION AT GERMANTOWN ON OCTOBER 3, 1777"; ONE OF TWO GOUACHE DRAWINGS OF ACTIONS IN THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE; BELIEVED TO BE BY XAVIER DELLA GATTA. (13½ by 22½ ins.)

A representation of the hard-fought action at Germantown during the American War of Independence. "The attack failed and the Republicans withdrew. To the left of the road a Republican column is advancing and firing upon the British, who are moving back along it. Other Republican troops are seen in the distance. . . . As the whole action was fought in a thick mist, the artist has obviously been compelled to take liberties, or his patron's memory of details has certainly been at fault."

Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. Sidney Sabin.

if it is to make sense. To the left of the road a Republican column is advancing and firing upon the British, who are moving back along it. Other Republican troops are seen in the distance on both sides of the road and have reached a fence on the right. As the whole action was fought in a thick mist, the artist has obviously been compelled to take liberties or his patron's memory of details has certainly been at fault, especially in regard to the house, for this is the house of Chief Justice Chew, not the narrow doll's-house of the picture, but a substantial building (still standing).

Here is an extract from the diary of John Adams, who dined with the Chief Justice in September, 1774. "We were shown into a grand entry and staircase, and into an elegant and most magnificent chamber until dinner. The furniture was all rich. . . . Wines most excellent and admirable. I drank Madeira at a great rate, and found no inconvenience." In other words, the drawing is a diagram of a battle, not a photograph of a landscape. The house became the

abysmal. What follows is a brief outline of the notes kindly supplied by Captain C. C. P. Lawson, author of "The History of the Uniforms of the British Army." In the Germantown picture the 40th Foot, seen entering Chew's house, are shown wearing coats cut down in Light Infantry style. The leg-covering is the combined trouser and gaiter garment so frequently used during this war: others, who appear to be officers, are wearing white breeches and short, spat-like gaiters. The hats of all ranks are the usual cocked hats, but transformed by turning up the brim on the left side only, those of the men being ornamented with a raccoon or some other animal's tail, those of the officers having two feathers, one white, one red. Equipment is of white leather; knapsacks of a light colour, carried square on the back, instead of under the left arm. The Light Infantry (i.e., those retiring down the road) are shown wearing the short Light Infantry jacket; the equipment—the black leather cross-belt which did not come into regular use till some years later with the formation of Rifle units. The bugler has a circular French horn. In the foreground are two mounted officers, one in regulation cocked hat and long-skirted coat with green facings, and a mounted Light Dragoon—green uniform, brass helmet and red horsehair plume. In both drawings the American troops are mostly dressed in grey hunting shirts, others in blue, with cocked hats. In the Paoli Tavern picture a small group of cavalry in the middle distance in blue coats must be intended to represent American cavalry, for they are wearing French Dragoon helmets which we know were sent over in large numbers.

So much for history, so much for fashion—just a little bit now for art. No one seems to know anything about Della Gatta beyond the fact that he did "views" in the Naples neighbourhood, but there is no proof that he never went to America. Fig. 1 is signed and dated 1782—the other is obviously by the same hand. In style these drawings are rather like the gouache drawings Van Blarenburg made for the French in the mid-eighteenth century, including one, says Captain Lawson, of Yorktown—an affair we don't boast about. Does anyone use gouache now? I think not, or very rarely—I suppose because water-colour is difficult enough to handle without adding gum to it to make it opaque. Anyway, it had a limited popularity during the eighteenth century, but, speaking without the book, I cannot recall a worth-while example later than the early years of Queen Victoria.



FIG. 1. "THE NIGHT ATTACK ON WAYNE'S FORCE NEAR THE PAOLI TAVERN, LED BY 'NO-FLINT' GREY ON SEPTEMBER 20, 1777"; BY XAVIER DELLA GATTA. SIGNED AND DATED 1782. (13½ by 22½ ins.)

This and the other gouache drawing reproduced on this page form the subjects of Frank Davis's article. They are believed to be the only two pictorial records of their respective subjects, two engagements during the American War of Independence.



(ABOVE.) WHERE THE MURDER OF BECKET WAS PLOTTED AND ONE OF THE SEVEN CHIEF CASTLES OF KENT: SALTWOOD CASTLE, A VIEW OF THE INNER BAILEY.



LOOKING OVER THE MOAT TOWARDS THE SOUTH WALL OF THE KEEP: THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF SALTWOOD; FIRST REBUILT IN 1154, IT HAS BEEN SEVERAL TIMES RESTORED.

SALTWOOD CASTLE.

which came on the market this summer with the death of its owner, Lady Conway of Allington, has been bought by Sir Kenneth Clark, chairman of the Arts Council. Lady Conway devoted the last twenty years of her life to restoring the castle and furnishing it with furniture, tapestry, carpets and needlework to suit its character. A four-day sale of the contents was arranged to take place this week and buyers arrived from all over Europe. Saltwood Castle, which lies just behind Hythe, ranked as one of the seven chief castles of Kent, the others being Allington, Canterbury, Dover, Leeds, Rochester and Tonbridge. Roman foundations have been found near by and the history of the place as a fortified site probably goes very far back. In the twelfth century, however, (c. 1154), Henry de Essex rebuilt the castle from a simple Norman foundation; and he has been credited with the building of the chapel. This is the only building with large windows overlooking the moat. The earlier days of the castle's history are marked in that the murderers of St. Thomas à Becket are said to have planned the deed here, in a

[Continued below.]



NOW THE PROPERTY OF SIR KENNETH CLARK: SALTWOOD CASTLE FROM THE NORTH-WEST; SHOWING, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE BARBICAN.



BETWEEN THE FIFTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES, SALTWOOD, MAINLY IN RUINS, WAS USED AS A FARM, THE ABOVE BEING THE LAST REMAINING FARM BUILDING.

Continued.]

small chamber below the Great Hall, and to have set out for Canterbury from Saltwood. In the fourteenth century William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1382 to 1396, greatly added to the buildings, the twin gate-house towers, which now form the principal living quarters of the castle, bearing his arms. After passing through various ownerships, the castle fell into disuse and ruins, partly, it is said, as the result of an earthquake, and between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries was principally used as



THE GREAT HALL OF SALTWOOD CASTLE: A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE CAREFUL RESTORATION WHICH THE LATE LADY CONWAY CARRIED OUT DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.



THE ONLY WINDOWED APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE MOAT: "RALEIGH'S CHAPEL," THE TWELFTH-CENTURY CHAPEL, FIRST BUILT BY HENRY DE ESSEX.

a farm. In the late nineteenth century the gate-house was restored by Mr. William Deedes as living accommodation, and various offices were built. More recently, Lady Conway of Allington carried out much fine reconstruction and restoration. Stone for the job was quarried on the estate, although a certain amount of old dressed stone came to hand from the ruins. The woodwork has all been done by local craftsmen.

WHERE THE MURDERERS OF BECKET PLOTTED THE DEED: SALTWOOD CASTLE, KENT, SCENE OF A FOUR-DAY SALE.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

A WRITER who has hit the gold with his first book is undeniably in a tight place. And some there be who never get out of it—not in a long career of more than average distinction. But the inspired successes are the trickiest; there is a lot more hope if there was something solid to fall back on. And for that reason, among others, "The Year of the Lion," by Gerald Hanley (Collins; 10s. 6d.), manages very well indeed. No doubt, "The Consul at Sunset" had a better story—more plot, and more dramatic integration. Whereas the new one is a moving picture of East Africa, a documentary under the skin. But an enthralling documentary: a picture brilliant to the eye, full of nostalgia and intelligence. And though the action may be skin-deep, it is all alive—right from the opening scene, where the new English pupil walks into the Indian store. Indeed, this chapter, with its immediate grip, its balance of the informative and human, strikes one perhaps the most. Humanly speaking, Jervis's closest contacts at the farm are really no advance on the first chat with Abdul Aziz. They may be equally well done; but, in the nature of the genre, they are all interesting on the same level.

Jervis, the likeable, receptive youth, felt himself "called" to Africa. He sees it all with a fresh eye, yet it is all incredibly as he expected—only much more so, like the lion's roar in the night. Among the Africans, years are remembered by a thing; this is the year of his novitiate. And he can take a good deal in his stride. Major Fawn-Cochley, to begin with; though that irascible old solitary is the pupil's bane, Jervis gets on with him at once. And he has an instinctive feeling for the *watu*—the most infuriating labour in the world, "silly with sun," falling asleep over their tasks like men shot dead. Of course they must be driven, but he can understand why they are all astray. The Major hounds them from necessity, and keeps the bright ones down out of pure love—love for the dawn-land, the barbaric Africa of his own prime, which was a fragment of the world's beginning. Jervis can understand that too; for he has seen the tribesmen turned loose in a dream of blood, and felt his heart go out to them. That was the day of the great zebra-drive, the day the lion made his first kill. Quite soon there will be neither lions nor spearmen in East Africa; even the *watu* will be changed, and Jervis, a late-comer, will be sympathetic. But his prentice year ends with the tracking of a man-eater. Neither that grim exploit, nor the abortive passages with Helena, whose husband drinks, can be described as a good show. Yet he comes out of them a settler, if not a hero. Major Fawn-Cochley is the most attractive figure. But Africa is the great thrill.

OTHER FICTION.

"Come, My Beloved," by Pearl Buck (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), has none of this excitement or immediacy. It is a family chronicle, but with a difference; for the main theme is a *rapprochement* between East and West, getting a little closer every time.

The first MacArd is a tycoon on a gigantic scale. He has just lost his wife, and for her sake has an unwonted longing to be saved. So he decides to convert India—where, at the moment, he is travelling with his young son, and where the poverty stinks in his nose. Back home, he will endow a great school of theology, to preach the Christian gospel of self-help. And he has taken the first steps, when the boy David ruins everything. David is crossed in love; so he decides to go and convert the Indians first-hand. This is too much for MacArd, senior, and in a rage he turns the institute into a factory. David, however, not only perseveres, but gets his girl into the bargain. And, like a true MacArd, he perseveres in a big way, founding a school and university on the most modern lines, to draw the brighter Indians *en masse*. For a time all goes well, though he is early left a widower with a small boy. Then everything takes a wrong turn. David has been a law-and-order man, a valued ally of the Government; but now his students are all Gandhi-ite, his best friend, Darya, is a patriot saint—and the boy Ted decides to set up as a villager. And that is too much for his father, who returns home for good. It seems that Ted, at any rate, has reserved nothing. Yet he too is a benefactor; and when the needle's eye confronts him in another form, he balks at it in the old way.

"The Sole Survivor," by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), makes an exceedingly good start, with the arrival of a new Captain at Portcastle Naval College. He has had a fine career, and looks like the model of a naval officer. Also, he is an old cadet; and there are still two masters who remember him. At least, in principle they do. But how that sneaking, unattractive lad evolved into the perfect specimen before them is a deep enigma. Wilding has never known it happen; in his experience, the boy is father to the man. Unless that early shock, when he was "sole gunroom survivor," can have produced the change? ... To Perham-Shaftoe, it is simpler. "Captain Carmichael" has not changed. He never was at Portcastle before. He is, in fact, most probably a Russian spy. So far, so good: especially as we can see Carmichael is no villain, yet we can also see he is a fake. But when the story gets down to his past, it becomes too improbable. However, it is worth while for the college scenes.

"Death at the Cascades," by Bernard J. Farmer (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is an inside job—the work of a real policeman; this is quite rightly stressed, since backstage atmosphere and detail are the making of it. P.C. Wigan, of the Bowling Police, is doing his night duty in wind and rain—and being more conscientious than the ruck, does not leave out the weir. This is a bleak and lonely spot, favoured by suicides. But the girl Wigan finds there has been strangled. As she had a grudge against the police, and had been flirting with a "big fellow" unknown, the men on night duty are all involved. There is no glamorising of the Force; these men are all-too-human, rather on the unattractive side. In short, what you might reasonably guess. And one enjoys the shop, and the straight-forward, unpretending manner.

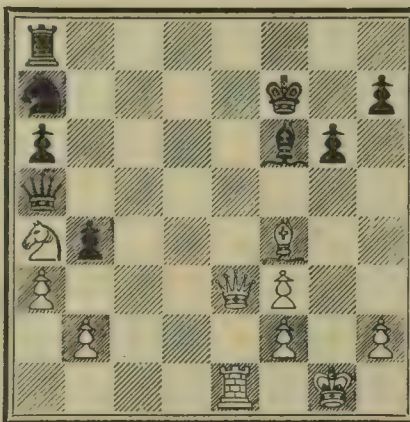
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

YOU are White in the diagrammed position, and it is your turn to move. What would YOU play? Think hard before you read on . . .

STAHLBERG.

Black.



White.

RESHEVSKY.

This situation arose in the match between the U.S.A. and Sweden in the international team tournament at Helsinki last year. Reshevsky had about fourteen minutes left for his next thirteen moves; Stahlberg, for the same number of moves, only two!

Reshevsky cogitated for eleven minutes before moving—thus leaving himself almost as desperately short of time as his opponent; played 28. Q-K6ch? which should have won but is at best only the third-strongest move in the position; then went utterly astray in the inevitable scramble that followed, and eventually lost.

Young "Larry" Evans, who succeeded Reshevsky as U.S. champion, points out that 28. B-R6! would have won with the greatest certainty and elegance.

The threat is 29. Q-K6 mate and, though there are five ways in which Black might try to counter this, all are ineffective. For instance, 28. . . K-Kt1; 29. Q-K6ch, K-R1; 30. Q×Bch, etc. Or 28. . . B-K2, simply 29. Q×Bch, or 28. . . R-K1; 29. Q×R mate. More subtle are Black's attempts to guard the threatened square with his queen, and the means by which White frustrates them: 28. . . Q-KB4; 29. Q-Kt3ch! or 28. . . Q-Q4; 29. Kt-Kt6.

The unkindest cut of all is that even 28. Kt-Kt6 at once, saving a piece which is in jeopardy and attacking an unsupported enemy rook—a move anybody might make instinctively—would also have won with ease. Black must move his rook, after which White plays the same 29. B-R6, leaving Black as helpless as before, since he can make no more use of the rook from any other square than R1: if the rook leaves the back rank, White mates by 30. Q-K8ch.

A tragi-comedy with a sequel, for Euwe compiled extensive notes to the game for an American chess magazine without noticing that Reshevsky had missed anything here at all!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE BRITISH SCENE.

UNTIL I read "The Castles of Great Britain," by Sidney Toy (Heinemann; 25s.), I had only a vague idea of the vast wealth of fortified places which can be seen by the tourist and studied by the historian in this country. Mr. Sidney Toy is more than well qualified to write on this subject, as he combines the two essential rôles of architect and historian. To these he has added yet a third example of virtuosity in that practically all the excellent photographs in this interesting book were taken by the author. The history of fortifications in this country goes back to prehistoric times.

The Romans, of course, with their tidy minds, liked their fortifications to be square or rectangular, the main defence taking place on the outer walls themselves, or from turrets projecting from them. The nomadic Anglo-Saxons were less adapted to the twin arts of static defence and siegecraft, so that that period contains but few examples of fortifications. With the Normans, however, the castle became both a stronghold and an essential means of policing and administering a conquered country. Early Norman castles, as Mr. Toy points out, were, on the whole, of a fairly simple nature, and it was not until the Angevins that the real florescence of the mediæval castle developed.

Indeed, it was the Crusades, and the contact which the Crusaders had with the Græco-Saracenic military builders, which inaugurated the "Blüteperiode" of British castle-building. It is curious how much the Crusaders learnt from their Infidel opponents and from the Greek architects who worked for them. It was from the Levant that the returning Crusaders learnt to abandon the square or rectangular keep, because of its corners, so vulnerable to sappers and miners, and adopted in their place circular or polygonal towers, which gave the enemy no corner screen. The period of the Edwards saw the greatest development, however, of military architecture in this country. That form of architecture reached its peak just at the time when the introduction of gunpowder was heralding its uselessness and disappearance. In the heyday of British castle-building, the elaboration of defences had become such that it must have been virtually impossible to take any of the great strongholds except as the result of treachery, starvation or disease. Even here, the proliferation of posterns and sally-ports made it possible for the besieged to carry out sorties to replenish their supplies.

Mr. Toy gives some fascinating descriptions of mediæval sieges, such as those at Château Gaillard and Rochester, where he has drawn skilfully on the original documents to provide an austere dramatic picture. It is interesting to follow him into the smallest detail. The development of arrow-loops from such an early example as those of Skenfrith (1190) to those at Kenilworth and Warwick in the late thirteenth century is almost a study in itself. It is curious how idly one can observe things, without appreciating their significance. I had not, for example, considered why in many castles there should be horizontal cross-slots. This, of course, immediately places the castle as fairly late in the Middle Ages, coinciding with the development of the crossbow. The single vertical slot was all right for the archer, but the cross-bowman, who held his weapon horizontally, needed a horizontal slot through which to fire it.

From the Middle Ages to the Victorian Era is a long step. The original of Mr. Robert Browning's "Waring" turns out to be one Alfred Dommatt, a singularly unromantic figure, as forthright, dogmatic and John-Bullish as his name. As a young man he was an intimate friend of Browning's, and "gave us all the slip" by going off to New Zealand, where he spent some thirty years. On his return, his acquaintance with Browning was resumed, but never reached its former stage of intimacy. Nevertheless, he saw much of the poet, who forms the principal character in the diary which he kept between the years 1872-1885, and which has now been edited by Mr. E. A. Horsman, under the title of "The Diary of Alfred Dommatt" (Oxford University Press; 25s.). As a Boswell, I found Mr. Dommatt rather disappointing. He records a number of quite interesting details about the daily life of Browning, Tennyson and other notable Victorians, but he does not add much to our sum total of knowledge about these great men. They were all, it would appear, exceedingly tough, and a pleasant little story concerning Gladstone's reaction to a suggestion that he should recommend Tennyson for a peerage is typical: "What!" said Gladstone, "a man so independent that he refuses to dine with you at half-past seven, because he usually dines at seven—he accept a peerage!" But I could not help feeling that Mr. Dommatt was rather like those portrait painters who are said to paint all their sitters to look like themselves. His motto might almost have been: "It's Dommatt as does it!"

Geology has never seemed to me to be among the more inspiring sciences, and although Mr. T. G. Miller, in his "Geology and Scenery in Britain" (Batsford; 18s.) introduces one to the Eocene and the Oligocene periods, and the Cenozoic and Mesozoic eras, in a manner not only painless, but positively endearing, I doubt if these distinctions will remain with me for very long. I enjoyed his book, however, and gained the general impression that our homeland is pretty craggy.

I had entertained the same impression, though rather more emphatically, about Dartmoor in particular, but the illustrations in Mr. L. A. Harvey and Mr. D. St. Leger-Gordon's book "Dartmoor" (Collins; 25s.) go far to modify it. They write well, and with great learning, of "the loneliest wilderness in England," and their chapter on the customs and superstitions of the district is especially interesting.

To complete this group of nature-study works we have "The Wessex Heathland," by Ralph Wightman (Robert Hale; 18s.). The subject is a good one, because from the time of King Alfred to that of Thomas Hardy, Wessex has played a conspicuous part in English history, and its monuments are as varied as its scenery. I note that the author has wisely decided to accept the great new oil refinery at Fawley on its own merits as a spectacle.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A MARIONETTE SHOW, AND NEWS EVENTS.



SHAW GETTING THE UPPER HAND: A SCENE FROM "SHAKES VERSUS SHAV." IN "THE LANCHESTER MARIONETTES."



"OUR CHIEF LIVING PUPPET MASTER": MR. WALDO LANCHESTER, WITH HIS WIFE, MANIPULATING MARIONETTES.



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND SHAW WRITTEN BY THE LATTER: A SCENE FROM "SHAKES VERSUS SHAV."

"The Lanchester Marionettes" began a two weeks' season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on December 1. The programme included "Shakes versus Shav.," which was specially written for the Marionettes in 1949 by Bernard Shaw, who called Mr. Waldo Lanchester "our chief living puppet master." Another item on the programme was "The Man, the Fish and the Spirit," adapted from the poem by Leigh Hunt. The crowded programme included a dance duet by a grasshopper and a beetle, an underwater ballet, and a circus. The daily matinees also included Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf."



LOOKING AT THE RHODES MEMORIAL PLAQUE, WHICH HE HAD JUST UNVEILED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: MR. L. S. AMERY. (LEFT) SIR DOUGAL MALCOLM. As part of the Rhodes Centenary celebrations in this country and in Rhodesia, Mr. L. S. Amery unveiled in Westminster Abbey, on December 3, a plaque "In Memory of Cecil Rhodes, 1853-1902." The plaque is on the wall of the Lady Margaret Chapel, adjoining the Henry VII Chapel.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF CHRIST CHURCH SCHOOL, ST. MARYLEBONE, AT A CEREMONY ON DECEMBER 3. In the afternoon of December 3, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent laid the foundation-stone of the new school building of Christ Church, a Church of England School in Cosway Street, Marylebone. Dr. Wand, the Bishop of London, conducted the ceremony, and the Duchess was attended by Lady Constance Milnes-Gaskell.



NEW INSIGNIA PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT AURIOL: THE NEW GREAT COLLAR OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR (LEFT), WHICH AS GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER IT IS M. AURIOL'S RIGHT TO WEAR. THE OLD COLLAR IS NEXT TO IT (RIGHT). On December 1 President Auriol received from the Grand Chancellor of the Order of the Legion of Honour the new Great Collar of the Order. The old collar, which M. Auriol has had since he became President in 1947, and which he handed back, dates from the beginning of the Third Republic, and has sixteen medallions bearing the name of each Grand Master since 1871.



BACK IN PERSIA: THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO WAS EXILED DURING DR. MOSSADEQ'S PREMIERSHIP, AND PRINCESS CHAMS (RIGHT). The Queen Mother, mother of the Shah of Persia, returned to Teheran on November 29 at the end of her exile abroad. Our photograph shows her getting into a car, followed by the Shah and his sister, Princess Chams.



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A letter from Brazil*

"WE were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo* (a camp of diamond panners), when the strap of my Rolex broke, and the watch disappeared into the flood. Search proved useless and I was obliged to continue, with a heavy heart. Two months later, I stopped for the night several miles below the point where I had lost my Rolex. That night, sitting round the fire, we began talking. Asked how things were going, an old *garimpero* said, 'Very badly, sir. Pedro dos Santos thought he'd found a large piece yesterday, but it was only a watch.'

"My heart stopped. I asked to see the find. Scornfully my dear Rolex was hurled at me across the fire. Pedro consented to sell it willingly, thinking that a watch that had been in the water was worth nothing, and with a broad grin at the idiocy of this foreigner he pocketed five 'milreis.' The laugh was on the other side of his face when a few minutes later I put it back on my wrist and set it going!"

This is an extract from a letter written to Rolex by a customer, Mr. Victor L. Bondi, now of Geneva. We think it speaks for itself. There are few hardships a Rolex watch cannot undergo; that delicate mechanism is so well made, so well protected by the Oyster case. This, anyway, is the true story of what happened to one Rolex Oyster.

You may say that *your* watch is never likely to be subjected to such rugged tests. All watches are subjected to tests; the hazards of day-to-day wear are slighter, but more insidious. But a watch such as this can always function perfectly, untouched by dust or dirt, water or perspiration. Isn't perfection what you ask for in a watch? Don't forget that the more junior member of the Rolex family, the Tudor, is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ A photo print of Mr. Bondi's original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



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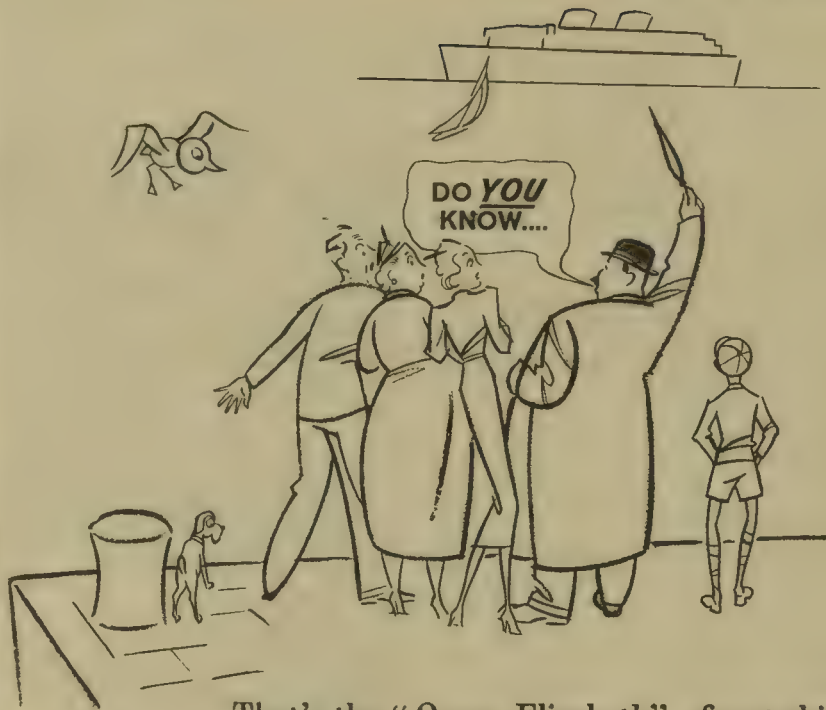
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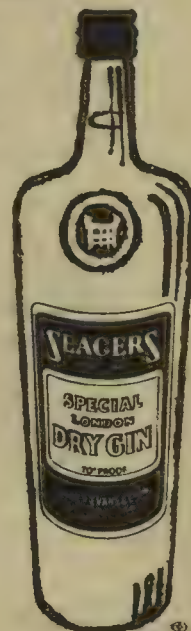
Is that why you drink it?

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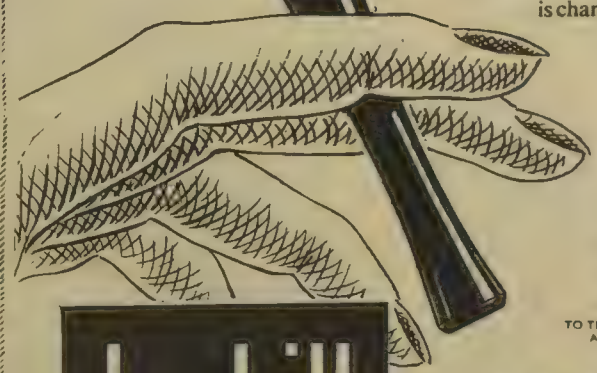
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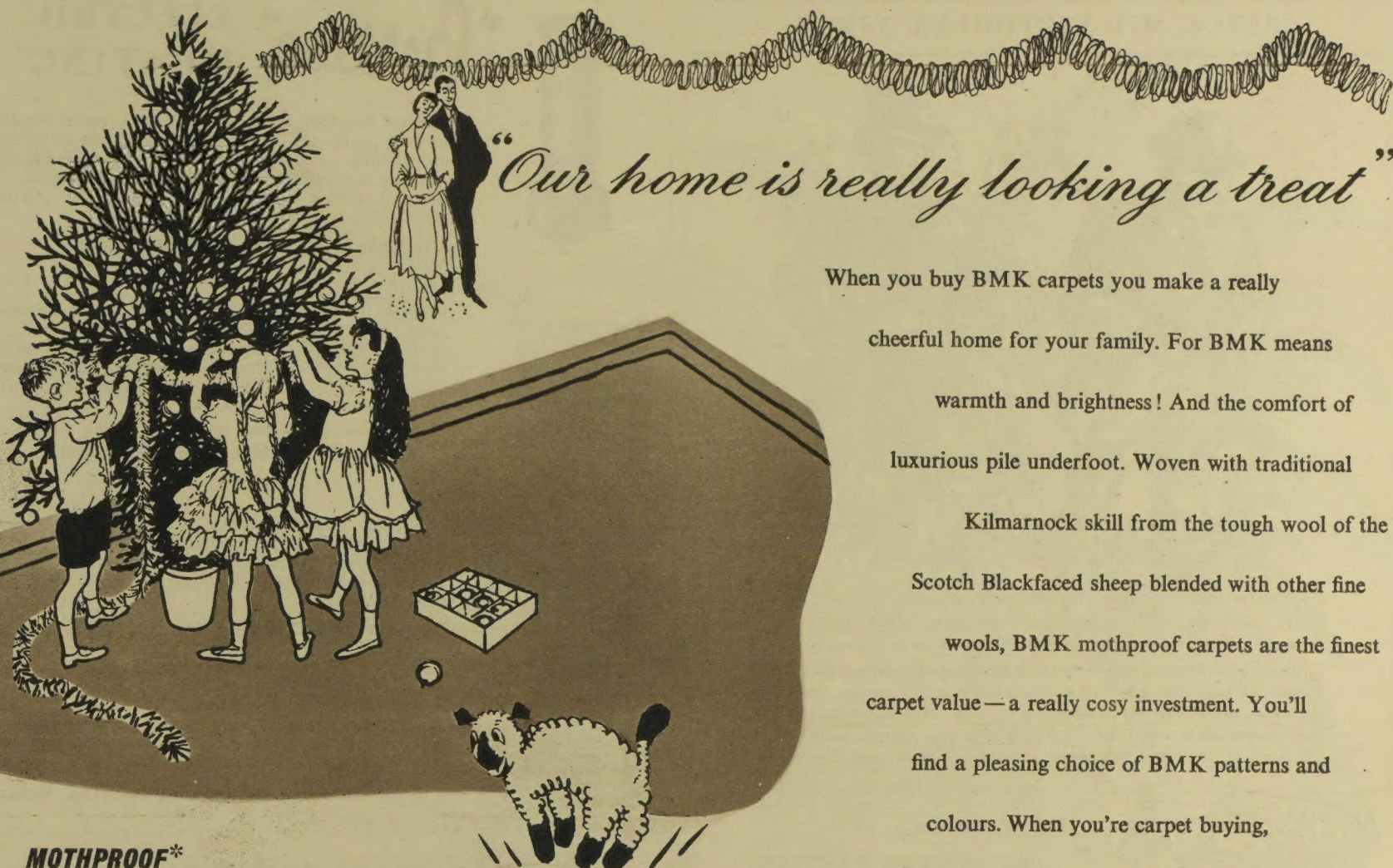
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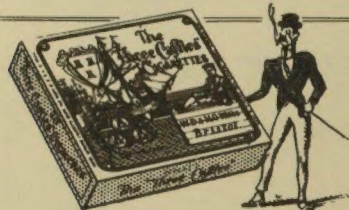


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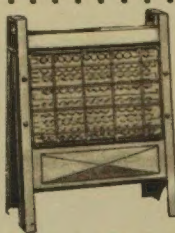
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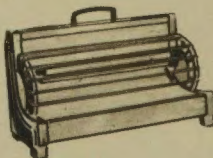
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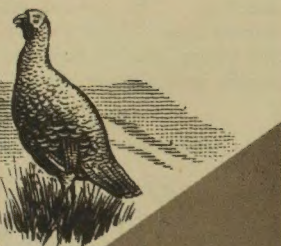
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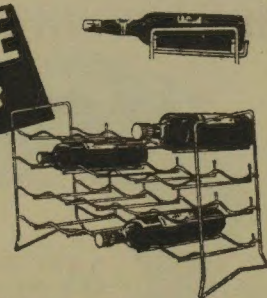
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